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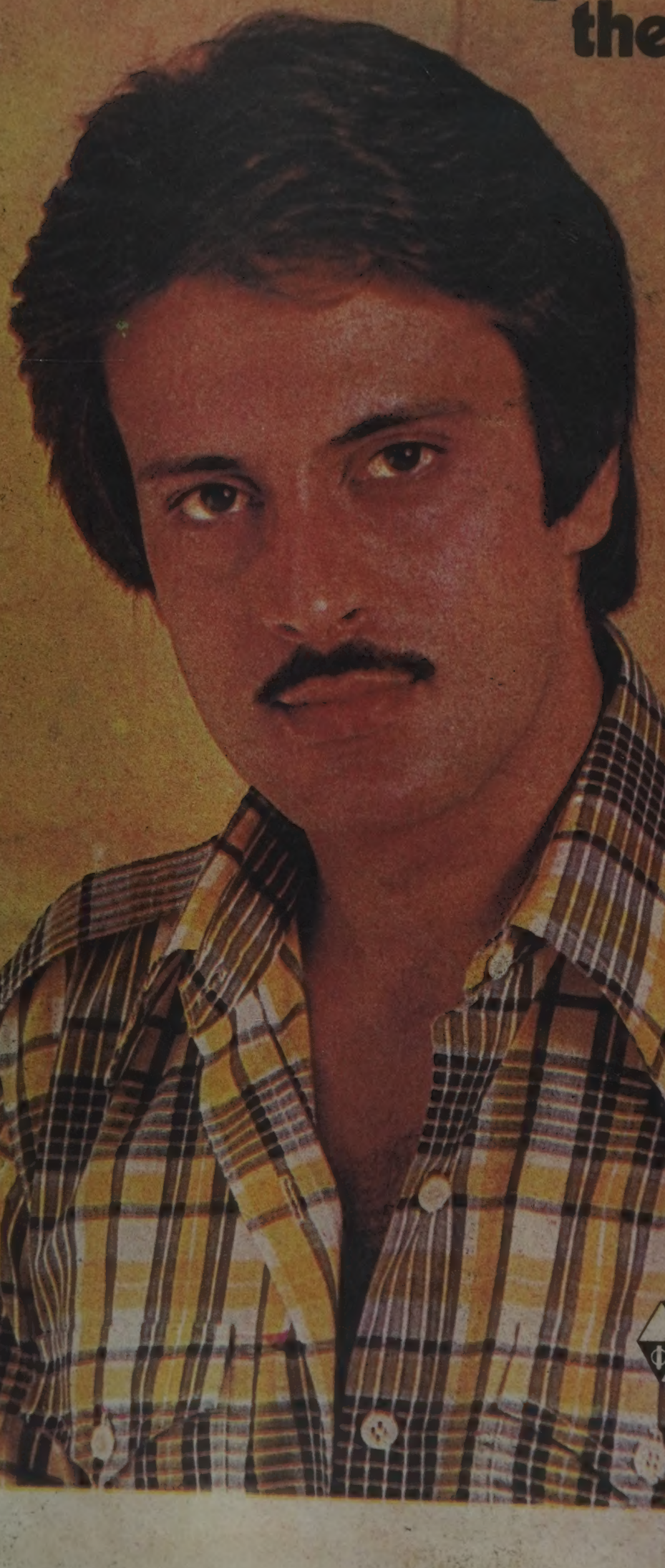

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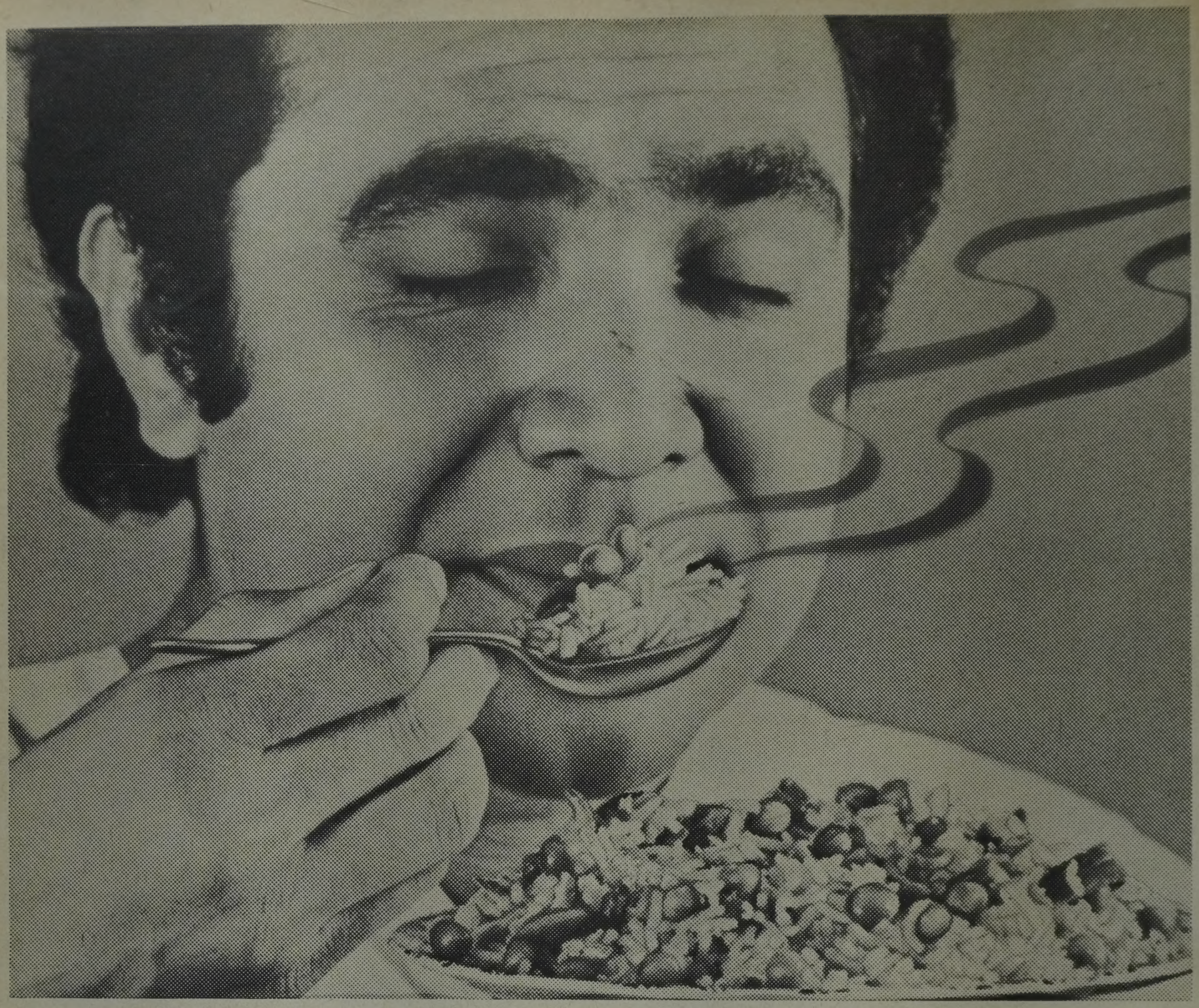

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A few drops change a simple dish to a special one

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OBM/3141

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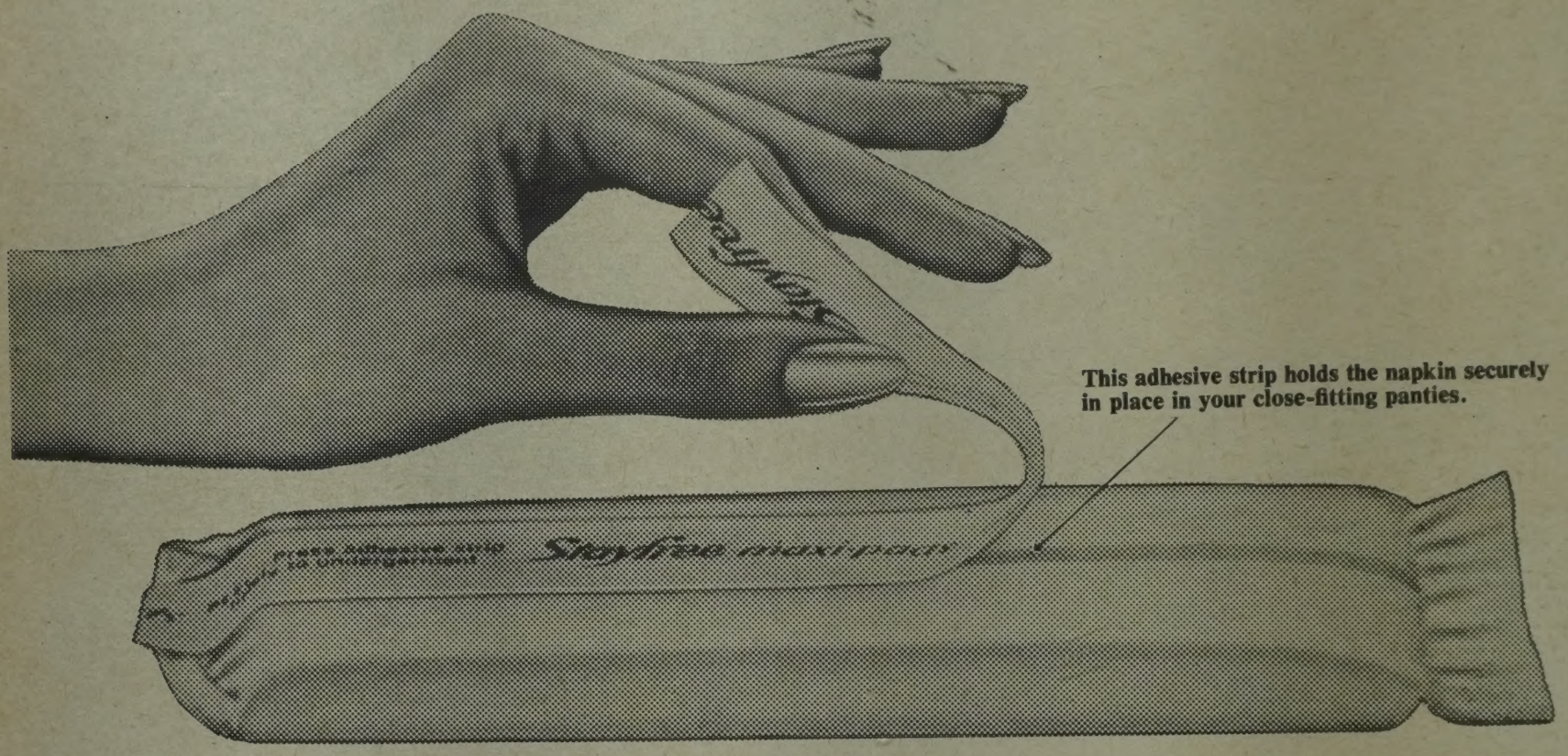

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NEETA PAINTER AND ANUJA CHITRE

Winners both!

Neeta Painter, 19, was selected Miss India at a Beauty Contest organised by Eve's Weekly and will participate in the Miss International Beauty Pageant to be held in Japan. She is studying for her first year B.A. at Bombay's National College.

Fresh and lovely Anuja Chitre, 17, was chosen Miss Young India and will represent India in the Miss Young International Beauty Pageant in Japan. Anuja is a student of second year junior college, St. Xavier's College, Bombay.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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THIS WEEK

BURNING THE 'BAHU'

It is old hat, perhaps, to discuss the evils of the dowry system, but it is impossible to ignore the grim fact that hundreds of women die every year on the altar of their in-laws' greed. Most of these deaths are registered by the police as suicides or deaths by accident. A women's group in Delhi is now investigating individual cases.
Page 12.

THE RIGHT TO BE ADOPTED

Years of dithering over the Child Adoption Bill has cost thousands of children the opportunity to belong to a family.
Page 14.

WHY THE DELAY?

Concerned persons talk about the dilly-dallying over the Bill.
Page 14.

WHERE WOMEN RULE

Matriarchal societies have all but disappeared from today's world, but the Tharus of Rajasthan are proud upholders of an ancient tradition where women were the dominant sex.
Page 41.

TOWARDS AN INDIAN WOMEN'S MOVEMENT

The fight against exploitation is not relevant to caste and class alone.
Any meaningful movement against discrimination must admit the women's struggle as a primary and integral part of its manifesto.
Page 37.

ALSO

Top Favourite: A delicate crochet design for you — **Page 21** Film Interview: Raakesh Roshan — **Page 25** Eve Today: S. C. Jhansi, working for population control — **Page 31** "My Darling Clementina": Part II of a brand new Mills and Boon serialization — **Page 38** Profile: Odette Gonsalves — **Page 49** Colour Feature: Collages — **Page 36.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**9**, Readers' Voice/**11**, Comics/**24**, True Confession/**26**, Fashion/**28**, Cookery/**33**, Short Story/**45**, Beauty/**49**, Frankly Speaking/**51**, What's New/**52**, People & Events/**53**, Horoscope/**54**.

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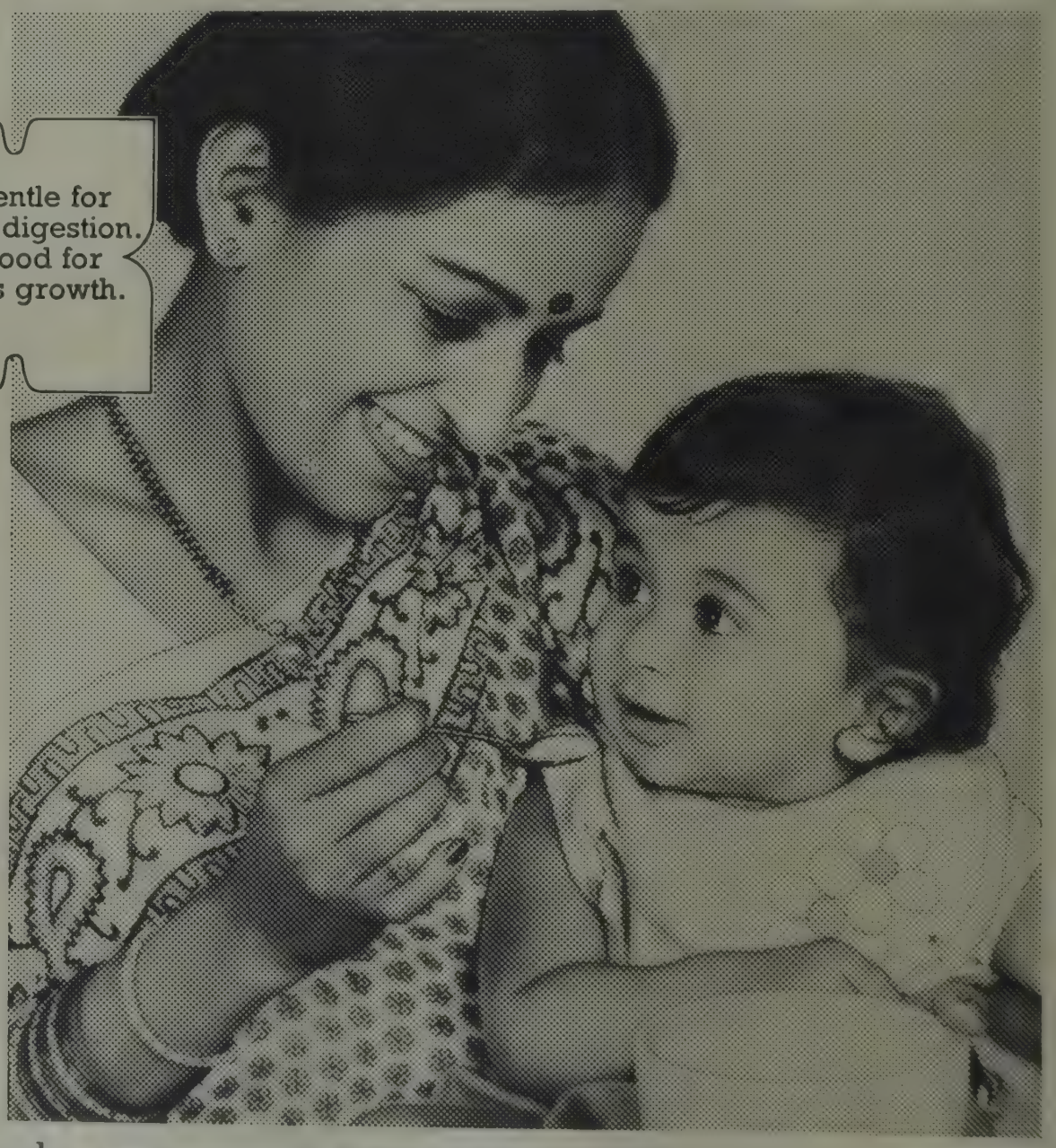

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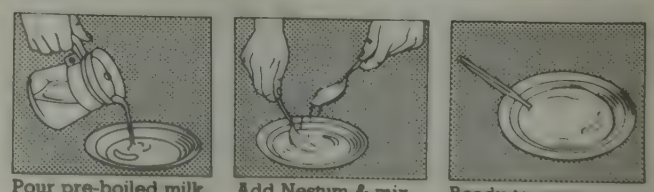

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

NOT IN VAIN . . .

Shouting 'male domination' as one lady member did in Parliament recently, will in no way serve the cause of Women's Liberation. These are cheap gimmicks which take us nowhere. It is action, backed by achievement, which counts and which nobody can deny. The Japanese woman who scaled Mount Everest and Valentina Tereshkova, the woman Cosmonaut who orbited in space, have blazed trails in history and showed to the world at large that women have got vast untapped resources. These feats as well as others have effectively exploded the myth fostered by men, that women cannot stand extreme physical and mental strain, let alone tackle vital issues intelligently. Not only these super women, but every woman who works at a job, asserting her capacity and individuality, is striking a blow for Women's Liberation. Attaining economic independence is no mean achievement, considering that she rates a separate financial status other than that of her husband's. Her earning capacity invests her with confidence and widens her horizon by enabling her to participate in activities which are of interest to her, like taking music lessons, writing or painting if she has a flair for it and do a host of other things. Although the additional burden borne by ner by working in the house and in the office may be irksome, it is not in vain for she is adding one more brick to the edifice of Women's Liberation — the fruits of which will be enjoyed by the coming generations.

So let every woman contribute her mite for the furtherance of Women's Liberation, which alone can give the woman her rightful place in societv.

MISS E. DHAMAYANTHY DEVASUNDARAM, Madras

The term "Women's Liberation" is like the proverbial red rag to men. And with men as employers, it would serve little purpose for women to go around "striking blows" for Women's Lib. But yes, "action, backed by achievement" would be the thing — undertaken with quiet purposefulness and a confident pride in what you're doing.

2nd PRIZE

THE POLICE DID IT

The shocking incident at Valiyoor (Tamil Nadu) of police brutality is beyond description. What surprises me in this attack is the singling out of women as the targets of the police atrocities. Most of the blows were aimed at such parts of their anatomy as to render them incapable of having sex for a long time. The women were stunned and speechless with their bruised breasts and bleeding private parts. The police found it a great sport to molest and tease helpless women, many of whom were locked up overnight.

Isn't there any way to stop this? Time and again we hear of police brutality and molestation of women. Couldn't anything be done to avoid it? I doubt whether any proper action is taken against them at all.

Can't policewomen be around when police action has to be taken against women? Shouldn't the authorities recruit more women in the police force particularly in rural and tribal areas where the women are hapless? It is at such times, I am sure, every woman the world over wishes she were a man. It is ironic that we are concerned with prohibition and cow-slaughter and nationalisation of industries when basic physical protection of women is lacking.

VIJAYA MURTHY, Bombay

The atrocities perpetrated by the defenders of the law have left a bad taste in the mouth of every concerned citizen. Women, treated like dirt, as playthings and sex objects, are revolting everywhere but, physically, they still remain helpless. It is upto the Government — and the responsible citizens of the country — to see to it that our women are protected.

3rd PRIZE

RETURN OF THE DAUGHTER

Going through a news item with a familiar ring to it, I realised that despite quite a few changes in our attitudes towards marriage, there still persists a stigma attached to the return of a married daughter to her parents' home. Forced to seek a respite from an unsatisfactory marriage or tyrant in-laws, few women are capable of financial and emotional sustenance on their own; small wonder therefore that she should seek shelter once more in the familiar and safe surroundings of the parental home, among those whom she grew up with.

Unfortunately, we lack empathy with such women, we fail to realise that only a grave situation would force a woman into taking such a step, we tend to look upon her as a deserter. She is not given time to sort out her jumbled emotions — before her presence can cause a scandal or her return raise a duststorm of gossip, she is herded back to where she belongs. Her husband's home is hers, circumstances notwithstanding. Left with no choice at all, many a desperate girl has chosen suicide as the lesser of the two evils. A woeful waste of life, when sympathy, love and understanding may have been the answer — surely this is not too much to give.

DAPHNE KHAN, Hyderabad

A married daughter returning to the parental home for anything other than a 'delivery' is considered a matter of disgrace in our society. It is strange that when she comes for 'deliverance' (and some sympathy) she is practically refused entry. Such old-fashioned notions have made a mockery of all human relationships.

PILL IS SAFER?

Mrs. Kathleen Newland writes in a book-length work called "The Sisterhood of Man", financed by the U.N., that more women die from pregnancy and childbirth than from effects of any of the usual means of contraception. Women over 40 are the only exception to this rule, says Mrs. Newland. For the over 40s, the risks of the birth control pill are slightly higher than the risk of child bearing. Having a baby is even more dangerous in poor countries, though there are some doubts about particular contraceptives. The intra-uterine device may be more dangerous to women who get little medical care, because it may have something to do with increased blood loss during menstruation. Effects of poor diets may be worsened if undernourished women take the pill. But Mrs. Newland suggests that in some ways the pill may be safer for women in poor countries than in the rich ones, because women in poor countries are less likely to have the heart problems that may be aggravated by the pill.

SURESH K. ANJUM, Calcutta

That the Pill is the most effective mode of contraception, has been proved. However, no satisfactory conclusions have yet been arrived at regarding the side-effects of the Pill and its 'contribution' to blood-clotting, heart disease, breast cancer, etc. Apart from the cost factor and the daily frequency required for the Pill, there are many other considerations which will have to be taken into account.

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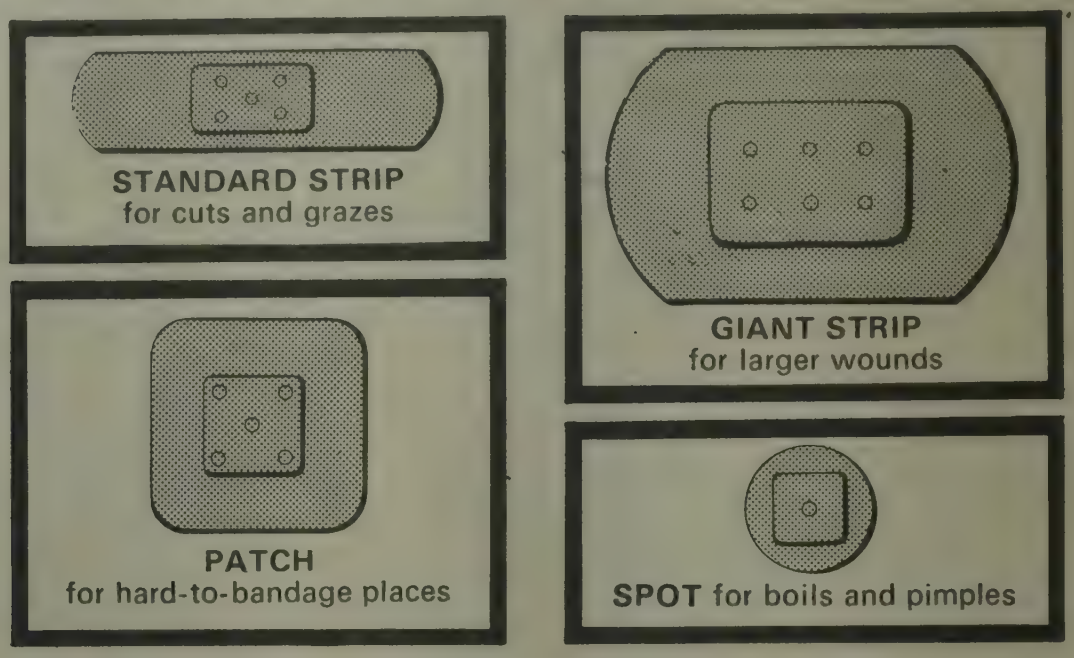

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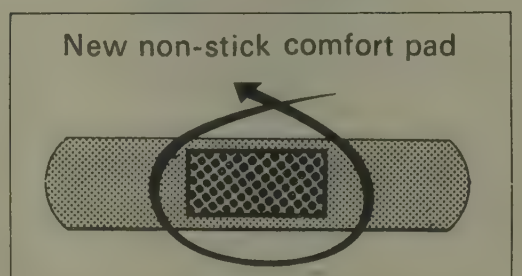

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

HEN-PECKED HUSBANDS

Thank you very much for publishing "The Myth and Reality of the Hen-pecked Husband" by Aneel Khanna (May 12). A really nice article. I wish each family could boast of a Mr. and Mrs. C. Nobody would like to have a Mr. and Mrs. A or a Mr. and Mrs. B. If we want freedom, we have to give freedom to others too. It is the understanding between two people which makes a marriage and a family happy.

R. K. JAIN, Bangalore.

AGRICULTURE AS A CAREER

The article "Women as Agro-scientists" by Dilip Patel and N. V. Shridaran (May 19) was interesting and informative. I think many more students would have taken to learning the science of agriculture if they had been aware that such courses were being conducted. Many students think that B.Sc. is the only course left to them if they do not get seats for medicine or engineering. I feel this is because other courses are not well advertised. I think many students would prefer to take up such courses than do BSc., which has no value now.

P. R. JANAKI, Bombay.

CHOICE OF CAREER

The article "Women as Agro-Scientists" (May 19) has proved for the umpteenth time that women cannot be left behind by men in any field. The refusal of the women students of the help extended to them by the labourers should give all women great pride. Many women are ignorant about the wide choice of careers they have today. You are doing a great service to all girls and women by throwing light on varied careers which have so far been male-dominated.

SUSMITA SINHA, Kanpur.

THE FORBIDDEN PILGRIMAGE

In the article, "Shabarimala: A Forbidden Pilgrimage" by Aleykutty (May 19), there is a statement, "It is not their (women's) fault if men have no control over themselves and cannot concentrate on worship. Women do not get distracted by men during worship" — which makes little sense. This is just blaming men unnecessarily.

According to the legends, worship differs in different temples. Similarly, the Shabarimala legend strictly insists that one can visit that place only after observing penance (Vratha) for at least 41 days. Unfortunately, in our Hindu families, the menstruation period of women is considered unholy. So they cannot practice the 41 days Vratha. Obviously, therefore, they cannot go to Shabarimala. This is why the entrance to this temple was forbidden to women between the ages of puberty and menopause.

So if a person is willing to shed wrong notions, he or she should agree with me that our first step should be to eradicate the superstitious beliefs prevailing in the minds of religious Hindus, men or women.

ASHA, Mangalore.

A UNITED FRONT

Hats off to Anna Joseph for her letter (June 2). She seems to have a very clear idea of the consequences of accepting Hindi as our national language. I would like to add to her views — it is not that India needs Hindi or any other vernacular, but that India needs to keep up a united front. Surely Hindi would not be the correct stepping stone to this end.

AVNINDER GREWAL, New Delhi.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JULY 14

WINNING VISUALS

The annual announcement by the Commercial Artists Guild (CAG) of the award-winning graphics of the year is a much-awaited event in art circles. A sample of this year's winning entries.

WOMEN IN KONKANI THEATRE

Gone are the days when an actress in Konkani theatre was equated with a courtesan. Today she is accepted, because a spirit of liberalism has begun to free women in Goa from the prejudices which confined them to the home, family and parish work. An analysis of the contribution of women to Konkani theatre.

DEMYSTIFYING MECHANICS

The first part of a thorough unravelling of the mysteries of a car.

MYTHS IN OUR MYTHOLOGY

A new look at old stories.

Plus all our regular features.

BURNING THE "BAHU"

AN INCREASINGLY POPULAR CRIME

Ila Kapoor

Mona was beautiful, smartly turned out, well-spoken with an M. A. from Delhi's fashionable Lady Shri Ram College. One would have supposed that any mother-in-law would have been proud of such a daughter-in-law. But Mona's mother-in-law started grumbling and nagging her new "bahu" from the day she entered the house — her dowry was considered too meagre.

Mona's husband, an Army doctor posted in Muscat, was nice at first to his wife, but when he returned to India his mother poisoned his ears and he soon joined the family in berating and taunting Mona. Soon Mona's life became hellish. Her in-laws began accusing her of stealing jewellery. They forbade her leaving the house and warned that if she went out to visit her family, also stationed in Delhi, she should not bother to return.

Saraswati Devi was another vicitim of dowry who met a far worse fate. Less than two years after her marriage she died in Safdarjung Hospital of injuries. As she lay in a semi-conscious condition on the hospital bed she kept crying out, "I have not written any letter to my father. Please don't beat me. Give me only one chappati a day, no vegetables. Don't kill me. Don't kill me."

Despite the overwhelming evidence that Saraswati had been done to death, the police registered a case of death by some unknown vehicle.

The cases of Mona and Saraswati are just two of the many which were referred to the Mahila Dakshata Samiti's cell dealing with abandoned women. Interestingly, of the over 125 cases taken up by the samiti, the majority are families from the middle class rather than the very poor.

In nearly all the instances of ill treatment of wives which have come to the notice of the samiti, the main cause is insufficient dowry, according to Mrs. Suman Krishan Kant, convenor of the Abandoned Women's cell of the samiti. "Some people are just naturally greedy and whatever the bride's parents give by way of dowry is considered insufficient. They just keep demanding more and more. In fact, the demands begin within the first week of marriage," Mrs. Kant said.

Take the case of Rita, a lower middle class girl from Regharpura, Delhi, whose only living relative was an elder brother. Within less than a week of the marriage Rita was sent home for the Rakhi festival and asked to come back with Rs. 5000 and a suit length. The girl returned to her husband's house with the suit length but minus the Rs. 5000, which her brother was not in a position to raise. Two days later Rita died of burn injuries.

The police registered a case of death by accident despite the fact that 25 people of the locality wrote to the Police Commissioner and the Chief Executive Councillor that Rita's death appeared to be deliberate murder rather than an accident. They pointed out that the girl had been maltreated constantly and her screams could often be heard in the area. A neighbour who had visited the house and said she seemed to smell burning flesh, was reportedly told by the mother-in-law, "Keep quiet, the bahu is being burnt."

It was only when Rita's brother approached the samiti that things began moving. The samiti took up the case with the Police Commissioner and it has now been handed over to the Crime Branch for further investigations.

The cruel truth is that in India, thousands of cases where the wife has been done to death by her in-laws and husband for lack of dowry, are being passed off as accidents and suicide with the police often conniving with the guilty persons.

In the case of Saraswati who died in May this year at Safdarjung Hospital, her in-laws said that she had been run over by a vehicle. Doctors at the hospital

pointed out that it appeared that the girl had first been stabbed in the stomach by a sharp instrument several times and then the wheels of a vehicle had passed over her.

Saraswati's father told the samiti that his daughter used to frequently write to him asking for more dowry. One letter sent to the family said that Saraswati could not survive if her father refused to cooperate.

Saraswati's death was originally entered by the police as "death by accident." It was only after the samiti raised a hue and cry that the Crime Branch was asked to investigate the death. Interestingly, when the matter was re-opened, it was found that the SP of the area had written on the file, "This appears to be a case of murder and not accident." All the same, the sub-inspector who had registered the case as an accidental death was not pulled up.

The Mahila Dakshata Samiti must be given credit for exposing many of these murder cases which had originally been dismissed as accidental deaths. Fortunately the members of the samiti have enough political clout for the senior officers in the police to pay heed when they bring a complaint to their notice.

It is not unusual for the the in-laws to bribe the lower police staff who, as a result, tend to provide a cover-up and are not interested in protecting the maltreated wife.

Mrs. Kant recalled the case history of Meera, a mother of three, who was regularly beaten and tortured by her husband. On one occasion after beating up his wife mercilessly Meera's husband locked her up and she had to remain there for a night and a day before being rescued by the police. The police however were far from helpful. They started abusing Meera as if she was the guilty party. Meera's brother, who tried to protect his sister, had police cases lodged against him on trumped-up charges.

Mrs. Kant refers to Meera's case as "one of our few failures." Meera was beaten and tortured by her husband and mother-in-law so often that she eventually ran away along with her son. Her mother-in-law's frequent threat was, "You give us Rs. 50,000 or we will kill you." But actually this was not purely a dowry case. The husband, an officer in a private firm, earning Rs. 1,500, was having an adulterous relationship with another girl and he was keen for his wife to give him a divorce.

THE BURNING OF WOMEN BY HUSBANDS AND IN-LAWS, MOSTLY TO EXTRACT LARGER DOWRIES, IS A SHAMEFUL STIGMA ON INDIAN SOCIETY, BUT IT SEEMS TO BE ACCEPTED ALMOST LIKE A SOCIAL CUSTOM

Despite the samiti coming repeatedly to the protection of the girl, the husband refused to reform and the local police had clearly been bought by him. The samiti felt that the only course for Meera was to sue the husband for maintenance. But though she was offered free legal aid, Meera was adamant that she did not want to go to court. She told the samiti that she would much rather get a job and support herself. Her plea was that her family was already so demoralised that she did not want more indignities to be heaped on them by her going to court.

Generally, the girls who come to the samiti, including the better educated ones, are reluctant not only to go to court and sue the husband but also to apply for a divorce. The Army doctor's wife, Mona, despite being cruelly treated by her husband, insisted, "I want to live with my husband. If I am divorced what will society say? How can my younger sister get married?"

In her case, the samiti hopes to bring pressure on her husband through his bosses in the Defence Ministry. This approach had proved successful in an earlier instance, where a girl from Meerut had married a Maharashtrian boy employed in the Army. The Minister of State for Defence, Mr. Sher Singh, whose wife is a member of the samiti, had been extremely sympathetic. The Maharashtrian boy was given the choice by his bosses of either living peacefully with his wife or else being separated from her, and the money for her maintenance being cut directly from his pay. (The Defence and external affairs Ministries have rules allowing for a man's pay to be cut at source for the maintenace of his estranged wife). The man chose to live peacefully with his wife and she has not complained since then to the samiti.

Once the samiti members take up a maltreated wife's case they adopt her completely. They inform the in-laws: "This girl is our adopted daughter. If you plan to leave her we will look after her, but we warn you, don't lift a finger against her."

The fact that several samiti members are the wives of ministers and leading politicians, certainly has some effect on both the in-laws and the police. After all, Dr. Sushila Nayar is the President of the samiti and Mrs. Promilla Dandavate the secretary.

Mrs. Kant cited the case of a young man who came to the samiti to complain about the cruel way in which his sister was being treated by her in-laws. Investigations showed that the girl had become extremely frail through lack of food and constant beatings. It seemed doubtful whether she could survive for long. Her problem started about three to four years after her marriage when she failed to conceive. A medical check-up indicated a tumour in her uterus, but some quack convinced the in-laws that this meant, that she had had sexual relations before marriage.

When the samiti members went to visit the in-laws, the family was impressed and intimidated. VIP wives were calling on them. They gave up maltreating the girl and at the suggestion of the samiti checked the girl's ailment with a qualified doctor who assured them that the girl was not at fault for her malady.

The samiti felt suitably rewarded when the girl's brother came some time later to say that his sister was a changed personality. She was given plenty to eat and had put on weight. Nobody bullied her any more.

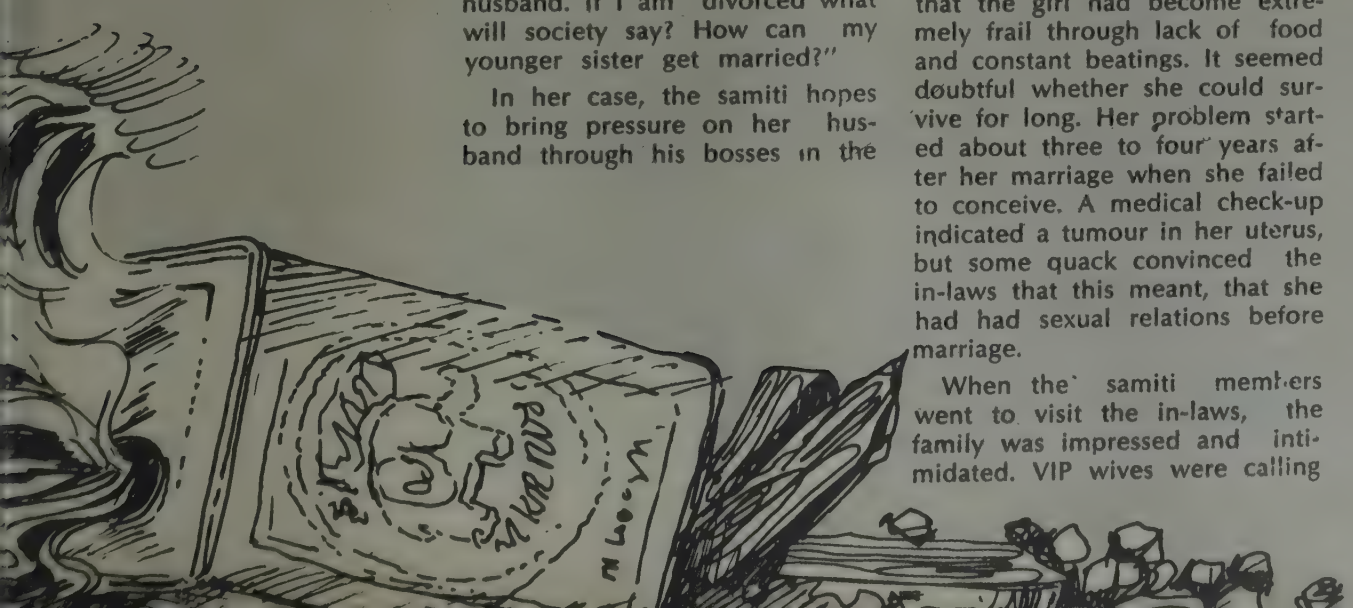
In the two years since it started operations, the samiti has, in a small way, helped those unfortunate women who were maltreated by their husbands as as well as brought to book in-laws who were guilty of killing their daughters in-law for lack of a dowry. The members are aware that so far their efforts are but a drop in the ocean, the problem of maltreated brides who fail to bring enough dowry being so endemic.

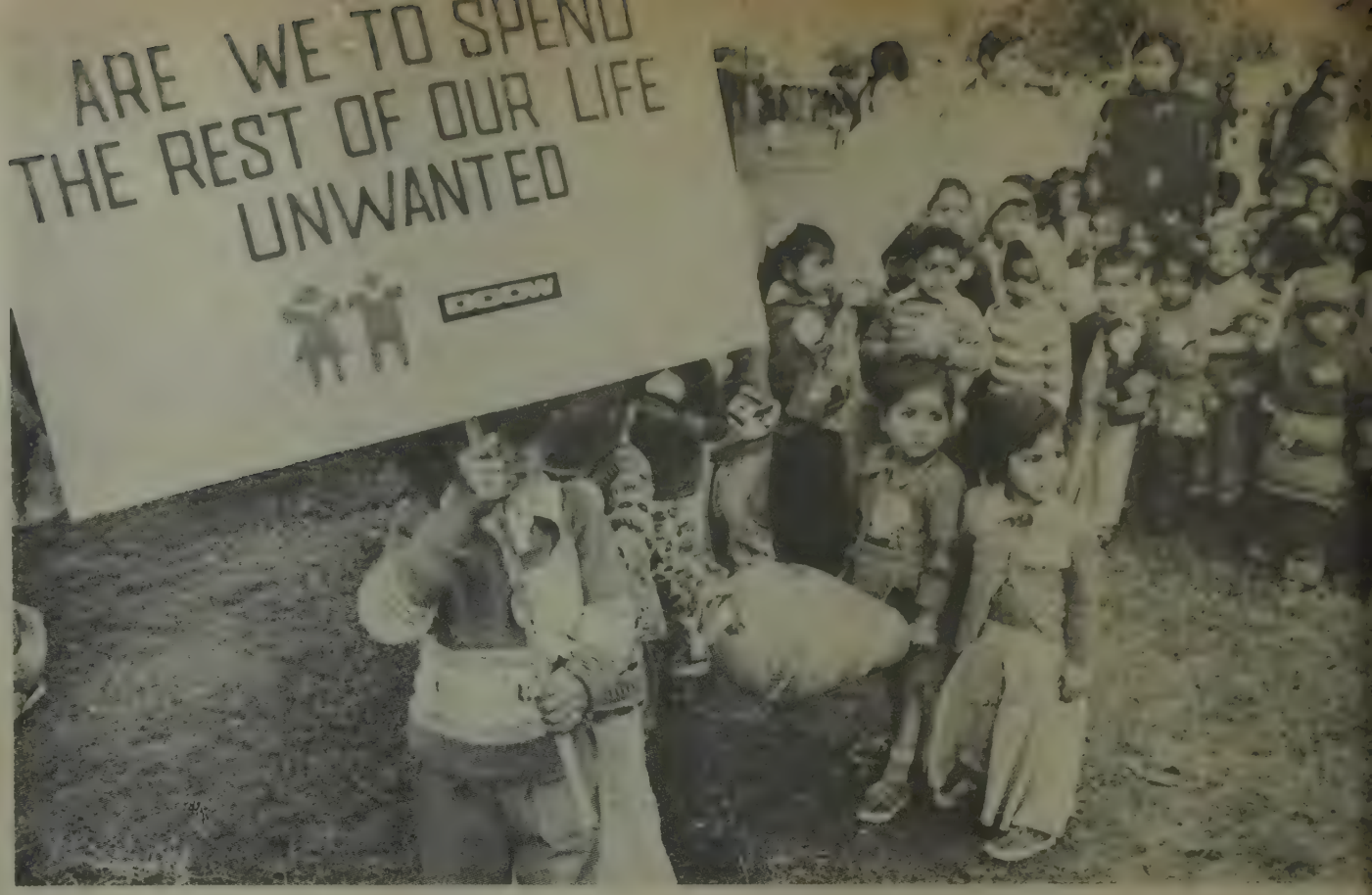
In Delhi, two other organisations also work for abandoned women. They are the Nari Raksha Samiti and the All-India Women's Conference. The difference is that these two bodies are concerned with providing shelter for a wife after she has been thrown out of her husband's home, and helping to rehabilitate her.

The women of the samiti feel strongly that the present anti-dowry law is completely ineffective. Mrs. Kant suggested a change whereby asking for a dowry beyond a certain amount should be considered a cognisable offence. Also a law should be passed making beating of wives a cognisable offence with a penalty of imprisonment or a fine. Wives should not be regarded as some sort of private property of the husband whom he can treat as he chooses. At present only when bones are broken is any action taken.

The samiti wants the setting up of family courts as is the practice in Japan. Since the Law Ministry has not shown much enthusiasm for the proposal, the women are thinking of petitioning individual MPs. For women in India the existing courts are not only very expensive but the atmosphere very demoralising.

The samiti would like to make it compulsory for maintenance for abandoned wives to be cut directly from the husband's salary by his bosses. It also feels that it is necessary for every case of a wife dying from burn injuries to be investigated thoroughly to make sure that she has not been a victim of her husband's or in-laws' greed for a large dowry.





THE CHILD ADOPTION BILL:

delay is a crime against children

IN A COUNTRY LIKE OURS, WHICH HAS THE LARGEST NUMBER OF ORPHANED AND ABANDONED CHILDREN, THE PASSING OF A UNIFORM CHILD ADOPTION ACT IS SCANDALOUSLY OVERDUE

Jyotsana Kapoor

The need to pass a uniform Child Adoption Act which has been awaiting approval in Parliament for the last so many years was brought into focus early this year by the Delhi Council for Child Welfare. On the opening day of the Parliament, February 19, 1979, 1000 children representing the various States of India marched to Parliament, to present a Memorandum signed by 27 prominent welfare agencies of India to the Prime Minister, demanding their right to a family and a home. The march, which was arranged under the initiative of D.C.C.W., is just one of the many steps taken by this organisation to see the Bill through in the International Year of the Child.

A copy of the Memorandum presented to the Prime Minister is also being sent to all the Members of Parliament to enlist their support. Group meetings with various people, like advocates, social leaders, religious heads and Parliamentarians are being arranged to prepare them to consider the Bill favourably. All efforts are being made to make these people aware of the problem, so that right thinking people and elders should not let this thing hang in the air any longer.

According to Mrs. Indira Dey, Hony. General Secretary of the Delhi Council of Child Welfare, "No effort is being spared to see the Bill through in Parliament this year. We, in fact, want to modify the 1972 Adoption Bill which went to the Joint Select Committee of Parliament and was returned with some recommendations. There are certain clauses in it which will create hurdles and, from our practical experience, we want to eliminate these problems so that the adoption of a child by willing and good foster parents does not take an unduly long time.

"We are at present working on some procedures and regulations that would ensure the protection of the child in the best possible manner. And we want to give the Bill to the Minister for Social Welfare and the Law Minister with a few procedural changes as soon as possible."

RIGHT: Ameena Khan presented a memorandum to the Prime Minister on behalf of all the children like herself who are placed in foster care and are waiting for the Adoption Bill to be passed to secure the legal rights of adoption.

One of the changes sought is not to bring in the Central Government into the picture now. As things stand at present, it takes a couple of months to complete all the formalities for the adoption to come through, and if the Central Government comes into the picture, the whole thing will take much more time than is actually necessary. The Adoption Bill permits only licensed institutions to handle the work of adoption. If these bodies are licensed by the Government, it means that the Government is satisfied with their work and feels that they are trustworthy, and will look after the welfare of the child with sincerity. Secondly, before ruling on a plea for adoption the court takes into consideration various factors to find out whether or not the adoption is for the welfare of the child.

With the licensed institution and the court there, to check on the various factors before allowing an adoption to go through, the addition of a third body to do the same work would be superflous.

Lastly, a social worker of the institution visits the family of the adoptive parents and submits a detailed report of their financial position and their home environment before the case goes to the court, and in the case of foreign parents wishing to adopt a child, the Indian Embassy in that country checks on the family before referring the case to the institution.

Bringing in the Central Government at this stage will only add to the paper work and delay the proceedings unnecessarily. At present, the well-known licensed agencies who have their own orphanages and give children for adoption in Delhi are PALNA of D.C.C.W., Missionaries of Charity, UDYAYAN of S.O.S. Villages, N.D.M.C. the Hospital Welfare Society.

In the absence of a proper law it is the child who has been suffering all these years. With the modernisation of society, the number of unwanted children has been increasing too. And India perhaps has the largest number of orphaned and abandoned children in the world. Every year, states the Memorandum presented to the Prime Minister, at least 11.5 lakhs become throwaway babies — born unwanted and abandoned in public places by their unknown parents. Even for those children who are in the custody of orphanages and institutions, the care is so minimal that the mortality rate is very high. The ones who survive are often pushed into the world of crime by a society that chooses to close its eyes to the basic needs of these children.

Ameena with her foster mother.

It is every child's birthright to have a name, a family and the dignity of being a respected citizen. But millions of children are being denied this right in India as we do not have a comprehensive law of adoption. There are people willing to adopt children and there are children wanting a home, yet both are being denied this right. The passing of an "Adoption Law" has been kept in abeyance for the last 24 years. It is high time some serious consideration is given to it.

When a child is found by the police, the State becomes its legal guardian. A minimum waiting period of three months has to elapse before the child can be declared abandoned. It is only then that the child can be given for adoption. The State, in fact, is spending a vast amount of its resources on running these orphanages without any productive result.

"So much money is being wasted by the government," said Mrs. Dey. "The State pays Rs. 70 per month per child in its own institutions. This meagre amount includes everything — food, education and clothes. Such children cannot hope for a healthy future for themselves. To grow up as half individuals, without a sense of belonging and emotional security, is to face a stunted existence. Is this a thing to be perpetuated?" Mrs. Dey asked. "For small children and infants good homes and loving parents can be found if there was some social awareness and fewer hurdles in adopting a child. It is for the Government to formulate the rules to protect the future of any child given for adoption. But in the absence of a proper law, various unscrupulous people and agencies have made this a source of income. They demand high prices from foreign parents who wish to adopt a child from India. The Government should choose some good agencies with a national base connected with child welfare and give them the responsibility of looking after the adoption work. At present there are also some institutions which just give away children for adoption without going through the proper legal procedure. They think their responsibility is over once the child has been given away. And I think the Government should be very strict about where girls are kept. The runn-

THE COURSE OF THE ADOPTION BILL THROUGHOUT THE YEARS

In 1965, the first attempt to have a uniform legislation on adoption was made by Mrs. Jayashree Raiji, who introduced in the Lok Sabha the Adoption of Children Bill, 1965. She was requested to withdraw the Bill by the then Law Minister as the government wanted to pass the Hindu Adoption and Maintenance Act first. She was assured that the adoption bill would be reintroduced after passing the Hindu Adoption and Maintenance Act. However, this did not happen as Mrs. Raiji and the Law Minister retired from the Parliament before that.

1965: The Indian Council for Social Welfare (then the Conference of Social work) in collaboration with other welfare agencies drafted the Adoption of Children Bill which was sent to the Minister for Law and distributed among the Members of Parliament.

1967: Tara R. Sathe introduced the Adoption of Children's Bill, 1967 in the Rajya Sabha.

1970: Mangla Devi Talwar introduced the Adoption of Children's Bill 1970 in the Rajya Sabha.

1972: The Minister for Law, Mr. H.R. Gokhale, introduced the Adoption of Children's Bill 1972. It went to the Joint Select Committee in 1972. They took four years over it and then submitted their report in 1976 with certain recommendations.

1973: On December 7,1973 the Indian Council for Child Wefare, the All-Indian Women's Conference, the Indian Confererence of Social Welfare and the Association for the Promotion of Adoption and other important bodies submitted a memorandum to the Prime Minster urging the early passage of the Adoption Bill, now before Parliament.

1978: Put before Parliament again and withdrawn because it was opposed by a section of MPs.

A 'sweet seventeen' complexion,
and jasmine fragrance around her...

(just what he likes!)

Jai
BEAUTY SOAP

-with the lingering fragrance of jasmine

OBM/2266

A TATA PRODUCT

THE CHILD ADOPTION BILL:

ing of such places should be entrusted predominently to women," she said.

According to Mrs. Dey, children who go abroad generally find good homes and are looked after well. "And once a child reaches another country, the law of that place protects the child's future. Moreover, there are various procedures to be followed if a child is to be adopted by foreign parents. Not only the concerned welfare organisation in that country first studies the complete history of the adoptive parents, but the Indian Embassy there also goes through the case very carefully before recommending the couple to us in India.

The problems are only to be found in this country. The present Bill meant for only Hindus in the country is very restrictive in its scope. If a couple has a boy and wish to adopt another boy, they cannot do so and the same is the case with parents who have a daughter and want to adopt a girl. Procedures are very lengthy and time consuming. Another drawback is that a child from one State cannot easily go to another State for adoption.

"Isn't India one country?" asked Mrs. Dey. "No abondoned child should be left abondoned. It should be our aim to see all such children find loving parents and good homes. But when we ask the States to hand over the children to us, they refuse to do so. They want the adoptive parents to belong to that State and to go to their institutions themselves and then go through the whole procedure of adopting a child. And what is really sad is that most of the institutions are not well kept and when we send prospective foster parents there, they are usually put off by the dirty conditions in which these children live," Mrs. Dey said. "What can be achieved by locking up this huge human potential behind walls? At present to get a child from another State, the correspondence itself takes a long time."

Muslims are the only community which is against the Bill. They say it infringes on their personal law because if a Muslim couple dies childless, the property goes to the relatives. But all Muslims are not against the Bill. Speaking on Muslim Personal Law, Justice M. C. Chagla explained at a public meeting held in Bombay last year that Muslims in India were not governed by Islamic law but the Muslim law as interpreted by the Privy Council and by the Supreme Court and as amended and altered by various Statutes, under the Indian Penal Code. For instance, if a man steals, his hands are not chopped off as it happens in Saudi Arabia under Islamic Law, nor is a man publicly flogged for corruption as it is done in Pakistan. A Muslim in India, under these circumstances, he declared, is not governed by his personal law but by the Penal Code which lays down what is an offence and what is the consequent punishment. The Adoption Bill, he added, was permissive legislation; it doesn't force anyone to adopt a child. He alleged that the orthodox Muslims who believe in their personal law and are against adoption, by opposing the Bill, are denying all Muslims the opportunity to adopt. This, he said, was tyranny, a case of the majority suffering at the hands of a minority. Religion according to him, was being used as a weapon to suit political ends. In the case of the Adoption Bill, the Muslims were being made a tool by the political parties only for the purpose of gaining some votes in the future.

Even some of the Muslim countries like Libya and Tunisia have now an Adoption Bill.

The Christians have no adoption rights and have to approach the court under the Guardians and Wards Act. In the Parsi community, adoption is not recognised. However, the widow of a Parsi, dying childless can adopt a child on the 4th day after the husband's death for the purpose of performing certain religious rites for the deceased. This adoption is only for a limited purpose and does not confer any proprietory rights on the child.

According to Mrs. Vidyaben Shah, President of the Indian Council of Child Welfare, "The Adoption Bill has been made a political issue. So many people and children are suffering because of the whims of few people. Even the Hindu Members of Parliament who belong to Muslim dominated constituencies are afraid to vote in favour of this Bill as they are afraid that they will lose support and popularity in their respective constituencies. Another misplaced conception seems to be, that the children will be exploited or ill-treated in a foreign land. But are we doing anything better in India to provide a home and a family for such children? Moreover, not a single case of exploitation has been reported to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs so far. In fact, I.C.C.W. receives a large number of letters everyday from foster parents abroad who have been made happy by the children they have adopted from India. They send to the IC. C.W. photographs of happy, glowing children. And quite a few children have found loving homes in India too."

Continued on page 52

ABOVE : Meera and her brother

ADOPTION LAWS

The existing Act is called Hindu Adoption and Maintenance Act 1956. Under this law only Hindus can adopt a child. but only those Hindus who do not already have a child of the same sex, i.e., if a couple have a son, they cannot adopt another boy and if they have a daughter, they cannot adopt a girl.

For other religious sects, there is no law permitting adoption. People of these communities can take children under their guardianship or fostercare and are governed by the Guardians & Wards Act of 1890. Under this Act, local Indians and foreigners can take children under guardianship. Foreigners taking children from here can adopt them according to the laws of their country.

If a child is adopted legally, he is entitled to certain basic rights, like the right to property and the right to the family name, but the Guardians Act does not provide protection to the child to the extent the Hindu Adoption Act does. Under the Guardians Act, parents can disown the child if the child does not come up to their expectations or the relatives. after the death of the adoptive parents, can disown him/her if they so desire.

The Adoption Bill sought to be passed now is very secular in nature. It enables persons of all religions, including Hindus, to adopt a child if they want to. It will be a uniform Bill and privides greater scope for more children to be given the right to a home and a family. It is a misconception to say that it is being forced on non-Hindus. It is only an enabling Bill and doesn't force anyone to adopt a child.

A remarkably desirable feature of this Bill is the provision for passing interim orders under Clause 10, for giving the care and the custody of the child to the applicant pending the passing of the final adoption order.

The provision of Clause 14 empowering the court to order the production of the adopted child to consider allegations of ill-treatment, etc. are in keeping with the spirit of the Bill as a social welfare measure. This follow-up will ensure the well being of the child.

UNICEF

THE OBSTACLE RACE

A UNIFORM CHILD ADOPTION ACT WOULD BE AN ENABLING PIECE OF LEGISLATION, WHICH IS NOT BINDING ON ANYONE. WHY THEN IS IT STALLED AT EVERY TURN? CONCERNED INDIVIDUALS SPEAK.

Shalan Savur

It was a woman, Mrs. Jayashree Raiji, who introduced in the Lok Sabha the first Adoption of Children Bill, 1956. Unfortunately, on the assurance of the then Law Minister that she could reintroduce it later, she withdrew the bill. The Bill thus seems to have been jinxed right from the start. Since then, it has never left the cavernous innards of Parliament House all the six times it has been introduced, the last time being in July, 1978.

In a recent letter to the Government, another woman, Mehboob Nasrullah, President of the Indian Association for Promotion of Adoption, pointed out, ". . . It is very regrettable that at this time when nations of the world are busy planning child welfare schemes for the International Children's Year, we as a secular state should withdraw a uniform legislation, which is a child welfare measure. It is an enabling piece of legislation like the Special Marriages Act, which is not binding on any one. This Bill on Adoption would have been a useful measure for protecting the 25 million orphans and destitute children in need of familial love and security. . ."

The Muslim Shariat Act of 1937, which forbids Muslims from adopting male children to carry on the family name (a practice apparently common among Hindus) is often cited as one of the reasons why Muslims are opposed to a universal adoption bill. The Mohammadan Law of Succession, which distributes two-thirds of the father's property to the heirs, and allows one-third to go to non-heirs if so desired is considered another deterrent (the relatives being unwilling to forego the opportunity to get their hands on the one-third just because of an adopted child).

The fear of antagonizing the Muslim population by going against their religious laws and thus losing their valuable votes has become Parliament's "Pandora's Box", which no ruling party to date has dared to open.

However, besides the fact that, as Mrs. Nasrullah points out, the Bill sought to be passed is an enabling piece of legislation, which is not binding on anyone, this does not explain why the other minorities — Christians, Parsis and Jews — have been clubbed together with Muslims. According to Father Francis Correa, Secretary to the Archbishop, "We do not have any personal laws about adoption. Many Christian families are keen to adopt orphans." He did not comment on why the churches had not launched a campaign for the right of Christians to adopt. But he explained that while Christians were by and large willing to adopt children of any original religion because of the possibility of conversion, the laws of Zoroastrianism against conversion made it difficult for Parsis. Non-Parsis cannot enter the Fire Temple, or be accepted as Parsis. Hence, as a rule, childless Parsi parents prefer to adopt a child from their own community.

The Hindu Adoption and Maintenance Act, which was passed by the Indian National Congress government in 1956, confines legal adoption to Hindus (which includes Buddhists, Jains and Sikhs). The reasons for this restriction are not very clear.

As a result of the Act of 1956, members of these four communities cannot become legal adoptive parents. "So they take recourse to the Guardians and Wards Act of 1890, by which they become the legal guardians of the child," said Mrs. Meera Desai, Executive Secretary of the Association. "But when the child is 21 years old, mutual rights and duties of guardians and wards come to an end." This is naturally a deterrent.

Ironically, it is easier for foreigners to adopt Indian children than for Indians themselves. Out of every 100 applications, approximately 95 are from West Europe and the United States of America. The foreign couple who are only legal guardians of the child in India are recognised as the legal parents under their own country's legislation.

Mrs. Desai pointed out, "There is a general social unawareness of adoption in India, which is mainly due to lack of publicity, facilities and information. This can act as a deterrent to potential adopters. Also, Indian parents are very choosey — they want a child who is male, fair, from a 'high caste,' with a good background, and between the age of 6 months and one year. But when they come to our agency, some of them do seem to realize that they cannot have a tailor-made child.

"In any case, most of the time, we do not know the child's background unless it has been given to us by its natural parents — which is quite rare... We prefer the parents to tell their children that they are adopted. Otherwise, if they learn about it accidentally after they have grown up, it can be quite a shock. But most parents are not willing to do this and they often ask us to stop writing our follow-up letters which we do as a normal procedure every six months, for two years after the adoption".

The Indian Association for Promotion of Adoption looks for two basic ingredients in potential adopters — a stable marriage and a stable income. The seven-year old agency acts as a conduit between foundling homes and parents for a nominal fee which depends upon the adopter's income. Mrs. Desai feels that the average income of an adopter should be around Rs. 1000 per month. "But we do give children to parents with less income, after we are satisfied that the child will be well-looked after."

Why do foreigners prefer Indian children to others? The writer received various answers: ". . .because they have this urge to love and what's better than lavishing it on a child from a poverty-stricken country?" "Maybe there are more orphans in India than anywhere else." But the best answer was given by Father Correa, "Because Indian children are more affectionate and warm" — one of the points discussed at the All-India Bishop's Conference held in 1974.

The Bishops (at the same conference) were divided on the issue of foreign adoption. Some of the points made by those ag-

ainst, were that they felt that with the changing values of the world and increasing number of divorces, it was not a healthy atmosphere for the child; often the parents were irreligious, and that racial discrimination was prevalent in some adoptive countries. Those in favour felt that any home was better than none and that racial prejudices were fast disappearing in most of the Western countries.

Speaking allegorically, Father Correa said, "In Germany, there are so many apples on the tree waiting to be plucked and not enough children to pluck them. So let our children have a share in it. . ."

According to Mr. R. S. Tatke, Honorary Secretary of the Shradhanand Mahilashram, the pioneer of adoption in Maharashtra State, "Unfortunately, institutions in India are based on religion. But it is unimportant whether the child is named Ram, Yusuf or John. After all, how are you going to make out the religion of an abandoned child? Where the original religion of the child is not known, I take Humanity to be religion."

Mr. Tatke is surprised that even today there is a lot of opposition to foreign adoptions. "A child that is born has every right to live, a family life is superior to an institution. And when Indians are not coming forward, why not give our children to willing foreign families, rather than allow them to die? Every day, children are abandoned in the streets, jungles, beaches. These children, if they are left there, would be eaten up by white ants, mice, cats and dogs. Why should a child die out of sheer neglect?"

Agreeing with Mrs. Desai's comment on Indians being finicky about the children they adopt, Mr. Tatke said, "They choose children as though they are selecting a sari in a cloth shop."

He is concerned about the fact that the orphans are not given any preference in employment. "To date, not one of our orphans has been called by the Bombay Employment Exchange in which they have been registered."

Mrs. Lalita Khilnani, an Advocate and the dynamic Convenor of the Legislative sub-Committee of the Citizens Committee to celebrate the International Year of the Child in Maharashtra State, while valiantly canvassing for a secular Adoption Bill to be passed, feels that this will only be a very small drop in the wide ocean of Child Welfare. "What is needed more than a Bill is looking into the needs of the child. A Bill without this is of

Brahm Dev

no use. So far our laws have concentrated only on the needs of adoptive parents like safeguarding succession to property and ensuring instant entry into heaven! It is high time that society became more aware of the needs of the child."

Ruefully, she pointed out, "A law is not going to make more people adopt. It has to come from within oneself." A fact borne out by those Muslims who being desirous of offering their love to an orphan child, even go to the length of registering their marriage under the Special Marriages Act to ensure safe succession and prevent destitution of their wards.

The International Year of the Child which began on a very promising note, has trickled down to opening up a film complex, an international centre for children, an open-air theatre. . . Yet, all these facilities cannot drag out our children from the dreadful abyss which they have fallen into — an abyss of hunger and insecurity.

There is no valid reason why the Bill should not be passed in a secular country which is also a major signatory of the United Nations Declaration of the Rights of the Child — one of them being the right to a family. Hundreds of adopted children have blossomed in their new-found homes as can be seen from the photographs and letters sent to the adoption agencies by proud parents. Some of the extracts read:

> "Don't you think we are exceptionally lucky? It seems as though God has made our children especially for us. . ."
>
> "She is adjusting very very well. She eats, sleeps, plays and laughs the day long, just like a little sunshine. She has already given us lots of love and joy. . ."

Nisha was a six-year-old orphan whose bright young face was often overcome by a shadow when she saw parents coming to her school to pick up the other children. "Why is it that no one comes for me?" she asked Leena, a visiting social worker. "Have I no mother?"

"I am your mother," was the tender-hearted reply. From then on, Nisha's holidays sped happily in her new home. She formed a strong attachment to Rahul who often visited her building and would mope all day if he did not visit her every weekend. Today, Rahul and Leena are happily married and the three live together as a close-knit family.

The vital need for publicity and centres for adoption in every state can be seen from a case-history. Mr. and Mrs. Trivedi had not the slightest inkling about legal adoption when they started looking after their widowed neighbour's son. Ten years later, an article on adoption caught their eye. With their thoughts hovering between joy and trepidation, they met the Editor and the author of the article and were made aware of the right people to approach. Once on the right path, Mr. and Mrs. Trivedi speedily went through all the legal formalities.

In Bombay, the future of homeless children is decided in the august chambers of a High Court Judge every Wednesday. The writer herself attended one of these sessions, where each lawyer presented his or her case. The chambers were quiet except for the low drone of the lawyers' voices accompanied by the rustling of paper. The Judge's every "Yes" is the dawn of hope, a new life for a child. At one end, of the row, sat Mrs. Mohini Ragunath, the representative of the Indian Council of Social Welfare, which is a body appointed by the High Court of Bombay as its Consultant in Maharashtra, "in all matters relating to the application for guardianship of Indian children by foreign nationals".

According to Mrs. Ragunath, the I.C.S.W. receives about 15 to 20 petitions per week, which increases just before the summer vacations. "We consider adoption as a socio-legal process. For example, we do not give children to a country where adoption is not legally recognized." The I.C.S.W. does not entertain queries from unmarried couples, single males, prostitutes and pimps. The parents should be economically, socially and medically stable. "But we don't expect them to be very rich — after all, nothing like a home, rich or poor, for the child, rather than an institution."

Asked about her opinion on the Child Adoption Bill, Mrs. Ragunath said, "We definitely want the Bill to be passed. So far, it has been a political issue — used more as a vote-catching device. The Muslims have become scapegoats."

Similar views are held by other social workers. Ms. S. said angrily, "A destitute child has become a very marketable commodity. There are 1.5 million abandoned children in our country. Yet, the homes say that they do not have any children. They have gone underground. There are some homes which, we hear, charge Rs. 5000 per child which normally foreign couples are willing to pay.

It is a fact that an increasingly long queue of Indian couples are knocking at the doors of agencies, institutions and homes. But, apparently though incredibly, there are no children!

It is also a fact that many non-Hindus shy off adopting as they want to be parents and not mere guardians of the child. Homes are waiting. Love, warmth and security are around the corner. All it requires is a secular Bill to be passed — a Bill which encompasses every religion and which will not make separate provisions for the personal laws of any community

A secular Child Adoption Bill is on the cards. According to reliable sources close to the Government, such a Bill will, in all probability, be introduced in the monsoon session of Parliament this year. The Central Government has assured the various child welfare bodies, that a definite decision will be arrived at by the end of 1979.

And finally, as Mrs. Nasrullah appeals, "We still hope good sense and judgement will prevail and our respected Parliamentarians will not cloud the issue with communal and political animosity."

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SGS/SCL/2/79

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Length 59 cms., bust 81.5 cms., sleeve seam 18 cms.

ABBREVIATIONS:

ch. = chain; tr. = treble; st. = stitch; rep. = repeat; dbl. tr. = double treble; ch. sp. = chain space; cl. = cluster; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; s.s. = slip stitch; dc. = double crochet; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; ch.lp. = chain loop; h.tr. = half treble; alt. = alternate.

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With Blue thread work a row of 112 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. till end, 2 ch., turn (110 sts.).

2nd row: 1 tr. in each st. till end, 2 ch., turn (110 sts.).

3rd and 4th rows: As 2nd row, join White thread at the end of 4th row, 2 ch., turn, (fasten off Blue thread).

5th row: In White, work as 2nd row, 2 ch., turn.

6th row: In White, 1 tr. in next tr., * 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next tr., rep. from * till end, 3 ch., turn.

7th row: 1 dbl. tr. in each tr. and in each 1 ch.sp. till end, 2 ch., turn.

8th row: As 6th row, 3 ch., turn.

9th row: As 7th row.

10th row: As 6th row, 2 ch., turn.

11th row: 1 tr. in each tr. and in each 1 ch.sp., till end, join Blue thread, 2 ch., turn, fasten off White thread.

12th row: In Blue, 1 tr. in each st. till end, 2 ch., turn.

13th row: In Blue, as 6th row.

14th row: In Blue, 1 tr. in each tr. and in each 1 ch.sp., till end, rejoin White thread. 2 ch., turn.

15th row: In White, 1 tr. in each tr. till end, 2 ch., turn.

16th row: In White, as 15th row, join Red thread at the end, 2 ch., turn.

17th row: In Red, with right side of work facing miss 1 tr. and work in next tr. of 15th row as follows: draw a loop through top of the tr. in 15th row, thread over hook draw a loop through same st., thread over hook and draw through all loops (a cl. made) * 1 ch., miss 1 tr. on 15th

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TOP FAVOURITE

row work a cl. in next tr. of 15th row, rep. from * till end, fasten off Red thread, pick up White thread, 2 ch., turn.

18th row: 1 tr. in next tr. on 16th row, * 1 ch., miss next Red cl., 1 tr. in next tr. on 16th row, rep. from * till end, 2 ch., turn.

19th row: In White, as 11th row, fasten off White thread. Now continue in Blue thread and work rows of tr., dec. 1 st. at each end of 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 16th, and 17th rows (88 sts.).

Work 1 row straight. then (inc. 1 st. at each end of next 3 rows, work 1 row straight) twice, inc. 1 st. at each end of next 2 rows, continue straight till work measures 38 cms. from lower edge, (104 sts.).

Shape raglan: s.s. over first 5 sts., work in tr. to last 5 sts., 2 ch., turn, (94 sts.).

Now continue in rows of tr., dec. 2 sts. at each end of next 7 rows (66 sts.) fasten off.

Sleeves:

With Blue thread work a row of 72 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 4th. ch from hook, 1 tr. in each ch till end, 2 ch., turn (70 sts.).

2nd row: 1 tr. in each st. till end, 2 ch., turn, (70 sts.).

3rd row: 1 tr. in next tr., * 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next tr., rep. from * till end, 2 ch., turn.

4th row: Inc. 1 st. at each end, work 1 tr. in each tr. and in each 1 ch.sp., 2 ch., turn.

Continue in rows of tr. Inc. 1 st. at each end of next 9 rows (90 sts.), then continue straight till work measures 13 cms. in length.

Shape raglan top:

1st row: s.s over first 5 sts., work in tr. to last 5 sts. 2 ch., turn. Now dec. 1 st. at each end of next 7 rows (66 sts.), fasten off.

Border: Join White thread to lower edge and work as follows:

1st row: 1 dc. in each ch. (of foundation row) 2 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1 tr. in next dc. * 1 ch., miss 1 dc., 1 tr. in next dc., rep. from * till end. 2 ch., turn.

3rd row: 1 tr. in each tr. and in each 1 ch.sp., 2 ch.. turn.

4th row: 1 tr. in each tr. * 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next tr. rep. from * till end 2 ch. turn.

5th row: As 3rd row.

6th row: As 4th row, 1 ch., turn.

7th row: 1 dc. in each tr. and in each 1 ch.sp., fasten off White thread. Join Blue thread and work 3 rows of dec., fasten off.

Yoke:

Join raglan shapings of sleeve to raglans of back and front. Join Blue thread to centre. St. on last Blue row at the back 2 ch. Work in tr., dec. as follows: (to dec. work 2 tr. tog.,) dec. 2 sts. evenly in the half row at the back, work last 2 sts. tog. (at raglan end), again 2 sts. tog. at beg. of sleeve, dec. 2 sts. evenly across the row, then dec. 1 st. at the end; then dec. 1 st. at each end of front and 4 sts. evenly across the row, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the other sleeve and 2 sts. evenly across the row, at the remaining portion of back dec. 1 st. at the beg., and dec. 2 sts. evenly across half the row, s.s. to top of first 2 ch., fasten off Blue thread.

Join White thread where s.s is worked.

2nd round: 2 ch., work in tr., dec. 1 st. (work 2 tr. tog. once) at each raglan, dec. 5 sts. evenly along front and along back, dec. 4 sts. evenly along each sleeve. s.s to top of 2 ch.

3rd round: 3 ch, miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next tr., * 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next tr., rep. from * s.s to 2nd of the 3 ch.

4th round: As 3rd row of sleeve border.

5th round: As 3rd round.

6th round: As 4th round.

7th round: As 3rd round.

8th round: Work in tr., working every 10th and 11th sts. tog., (work 9 sts. work next 2 sts. tog.) fasten off White thread.

9th round: Join Blue thread and work 2 ch., 1 tr. in each st., s.s. to top of 2 ch.

10th round: 3 ch., * miss 1 tr., 1 dbl.tr. in next tr., rep. from * s.s. to top of 3 ch.

11th round: 1 ch., * 1 dc. between next 2 dbl.tr., rep from * s.s to 1 ch., fasten off Blue thread.

12th round: Join White thread and work 1 dc. in each dc.

13th round: In White, 1 dc. in each dc.

14th round: Join Green thread and work a cl. (as in 17th row of lower border) in every alt. dc. of previous round, fasten off Green thread.

15th round: In White 4 ch., 1 tr. in next free dc. on 13th row working over 1 ch. of 14th round * 1 ch., 1 tr. in next free dc. of 13th round rep. from * s.s to 3rd of the 4 ch.

16th round: 1 ch., 1 dc. in each st. and in each 1 ch.sp., s.s. to 1 ch., fasten off the thread.

Decorative borders:

At lower edge of front and back

Join Green thread on a tr. of 6th row.

Work * 5 ch., 2 dbl.tr. in 5th ch. from hook, retain last loop of each on hook, thread over hook and draw through all loops, rep. from * once more, miss 3 sps. and 2 tr. on 6th row. 1 s.s. in next tr. Continue as above working pairs of Green petals till end of row. Fasten off.

Turn work up side down and work similarly in base ot tr. of 10th row but after working first petal, remove loop from hook and draw it through centre of 2 petals of the first row. Work till end of row, fasten off.

Work a similar border on the White border of yoke working with Red thread and work similarly over the White border of both the sleeves with Red thread.

Join side and sleeve seams.

Flower motif :

With Red thread, work 5 ch., join with a s.s. to form a ring.

1st round: 1 ch., 12 dc. in the ring, s.s. to 1 ch.

2nd round: * 3 ch., miss 1 dc. in 1 dc. in next dc., rep. from * all round, end with a dc. at base of first 3 ch.

3rd round: (1 dc., 3 tr., 1 dc.) in each 3 ch. lp., s.s. to first dc.

4th round: Work a dc. from back, into the next free dc. of the first round, * 4 ch., 1 dc. in next free dc. of first round, rep. from * s.s to first dc.

5th round: (1 dc., 1 tr., 3 dbl. tr., 1 tr. 1 dc.) in each 4 ch.sp., s.s. to first dc.

6th round: * 5 ch., 1 dc. from behind, round next dc. of 5th round, rep. from * all round.

7th round: (1 dc., 2 tr., 4 dbl. tr., 2 tr., 1 dc.) in each 5 ch.sp., fasten off.

Stem:

With Green thread work 27 ch., turn.

1 dc. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 in each ch. till end, fasten off.

Leaf:

With Green thread work 7 ch., turn.

1 dc., in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 dc. in next ch., 1 tr. in each of next 3 ch., 1 dc. in next ch. Work similarly on the other side of ch. Similarly work one more leaf. Join the 2 leaves on either side of the stem with a few chains between them. Stitch the flower motif on left side of front (refer photograph).

Arnavaz Dhondy

BEDTIME FADS AND FANCIES

Most people these days who cannot sleep well resort to pills, but in less drug conscious times, there were more interesting and amusing aids to a good night's rest.

In the Dark Ages a good clubbing was a sure way of making certain someone slept soundly. Ancient Chinese sages courted slumber by first drinking numerous cups of sweet, steaming, milkless green tea.

King Henry VIII quickly converted insomnia into insensibility with a bedtime bucketful of English ale. To this day, many Japanese have special sleep-inducing prayers which are recited aloud to the god Baku, the "eater of dreams."

Some West African natives believe sound sleep can only come if the sleeper first makes sure that he is lying on a spot where no dead person has lain for a very long time, lest his own soul be captured by the ghost and carried away.

In more modern times, people have claimed wonders for the old dodge of counting sheep jumping over a stile.

But medical opinion today inclines to the view that those who have other, more pleasant and interesting serial thoughts to occupy their minds with at bedtime will achieve sleep more readily. They suggest re-living in detail a favourite long walk, recapturing the pleasure of a round of golf, imagining a long stroll along a seashore studded with beautiful shells, and similar trivial, but pleasantly personal thoughts.

Many people swear that the position of the bed is all-important. In her interesting book "Sleep", Dr. Marie Stopes revealed that she slept really well only when her bed lay directly along a due north-south line. She recounts one instance when camping out-of-doors she had not slept as perfectly as usual because her camp bed was just four degrees east of true north.

As for bedclothes, the old-fashioned pure eiderdown, filled only with the soft fine breast feathers of the eider duck, is essential for some fussy sleepers, but others swear by such oddities as wooden pillows and pure silk sheets from one's own silkworms.

David Gunston

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE DOING UP THERE RIGHT NOW?
WHO?
THOSE INTELLIGENT BEINGS ASTRONOMERS SAY EXIST SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IN THE UNIVERSE -
I'LL BET THEY'RE AS CURIOUS ABOUT US AS WE ARE ABOUT THEM - I'LL BET THEY'RE TRYING TO CONTACT US ALL THE TIME!
COULD BE -
THEY COULD EVEN BE TRYING TO CALL US RIGHT NOW!
I DON'T DOUBT IT -
4-8
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-RING-
A LING
!
THEY HUNG UP -
PROBABLY SOMEONE UP THERE WANTED MARS BUT DIALED THE WRONG AREA CODE -

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"Mummy, you're not as pretty as nurse."

"Don't you think so, dear?"

"No. We've been walking round this park for an hour and not a single policeman has kissed you."

* * *

A new car of French make was being unloaded at Bombay and had a notice in English and in French.

The English read: "This car deserves careful handling."

The French version read: "She is young and pretty — look after her."

* * *

It was visitors' day in Sunday school, and the teacher called on her brightest pupil to recite a verse from Scripture.

"And Judas went out and hanged himself," said the boy with an impish look in his eye.

The teacher looked scandalised; the visitor laughed, and said, "Do you know another verse, young man?"

"Oh, yes sir," said the boy. "Go thou and do likewise."

* * *

"All extremely bright men are conceited."

He shrugged gracefully. "Oh, I don't know. I'm not."

A boy and his mother stood looking at a dentist's showcase.

"If I have to have false teeth, mother, I'd like that pair."

"Hush, James," interposed the mother quickly. Haven't I told you it's bad manners to pick your teeth in public?"

* * *

Willie fell down the elevator —

Wasn't found till six days later.

The neighbours snif... said, "Gee whizz!

What a spoiled child Willie is!"

* * *

The grateful woman on the farm in New Hampshire wrote to the vendor of the patent medicine :

"Four weeks ago I was so run down that I could not spank the baby. After taking three bottles of your wonderful vegetable compound I am now able to thrash my husband in addition to my other housework. God bless you!"

* * *

Politician: "Did your paper say I was a liar and a scoundrel?"

"It did not."

...ian: "Well, some ... this town said so."

Ed... "It may have been our contemporary down the street. We never print stale news."

* * *

"Does your wife object to your smoking in the house?"

"Oh, she objects to my smoking anywhere; she says it's too expensive having both of us do it."

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

RAAKESH ROSHAN: WAITING FOR ANTI-HERO ROLES

Jyothi Venkatesh

If being inaccessible even after fixing an appointment is any indication of stardom, then Raakesh Roshan is indeed a sought-after star today. Twice Raakesh postponed our meeting and it was only the third time that I was able to interview him at his spacious apartment at Juhu.

Raakesh doesn't accept as many films as he used to in the past because he has also turned producer. His film "Aap Ke Diwane" stars Rishi Kapoor and Tina Munim apart from himself. Explaining why he has only about ten films on the floors today, Raakesh told me, "It is good to have ten good films rather than 25 bad or indifferent ones."

"When the going is still good, why did you launch your own film?" I asked Raakesh. He told me about the day Humayun Mirza, one of the Mirza brothers, narrated to him the outline of the story of "Aap Ke Diwane". "It was about four years ago. I was so impressed with the story that I offered to buy the story on the spot."

Rishi is a bosom pal of Raakesh. When he narrated the story to Rishi, he told Raakesh that the day he felt like making the film, he (Rishi) was ready to work in it. "I didn't launch the film four years ago because at that time my career was at its lowest ebb and I didn't want people to ridicule me by accusing me of becoming a producer only because nobody else was prepared to offer me a film."

Raakesh is game for any challenging role, but he detests any more second leads like the one in "Priyatama". "I have no regrets for having played second fiddle to Jeetendra in 'Priyatama'. If I hadn't done 'Priyatama', perhaps I might not have been offered 'Khatta Meetha' by Basu Chatterji, which actually gave me a new lease of screen life after a series of flops."

Raakesh has just signed a film called "Gayatri", a remake of the Tamil hit "Bhadrakali" opposite Aarti, who used to play bit roles in films. In spite of the fact that "Gayatri" is a heroine oriented film, why did he accept the film?

"No doubt it is a heroine oriented film," Raakesh agreed, "but I accepted the film because it is only in the climax that the heroine has scope. Otherwise throughout the film, I have a powerful role. Besides, one doesn't know who may click and when. There were heroines who used to refuse to work with Amitabh Bachchan a few years ago. Today the same heroines long to be paired with him."

According to Rekha, he is waiting for author-backed anti-hero roles. "There is more acting scope in author-backed anti-roles. It carries more weight than a dozen roles of the typical chocolate hero kind like I used to do at the beginning of my career. I have learnt this the hard way after every film with me as the typical chocolate hero flopped in a series till 'Madhosh' gave me the image of the virile anti-hero."

Raakesh, however, asserted that he doesn't intend to cash in on his image as a tough guy with which he has been saddled ever since "Khel Khel Mein" and "Madhosh" clicked. "Here in the industry, you can cash in only on your success and not your image. If 'Khatta Meetha' had flopped nobody would have dared to sign me for his film. It clicked in spite of having me in a romantic role and proved that I can be versatile. I would love to do roles like Amitabh did in 'Deewar' or Omar Sharif did in 'Mackenna's Gold'. The kind of anti-hero roles that they have done are more human than the conventional hero."

"Aangan Ki Kali" opposite Laxmi, and "Ikraar" opposite Rameshwari, are two films of Raakesh's which are ready for early release.

Raakesh is on the look-out for a story for his next film, now that "Aap Ke Diwane" is nearing completion.

After the success of 'Khatta Meetha', surprisingly the only film for which he was signed to play the romantic lead opposite Bindiya was 'Kasam Geeta Ki' produced by Hema Malini's mother. The film has been shelved and there is not a single film on the floors with Raakesh and Bindiya in the lead. This, according to Raakesh, is because of Bindiya turning down offers teaming her with Raakesh as "she has bagged films opposite big heroes like Amitabh Bachchan and Vinod Khanna and hence feels that she has become too big to accept films with lesser heroes."

Photograph : Girish Shukla

TRUE CONFESSION

THEY SAID I SOLD MY WIFE

Why do one's wife and children turn antagonistic and harsh? People say a lot of uncomplimentary things about me. They see surface scars of course, which are visible to the casual eye, the bruises I inflicted on her back and the burn marks on her arms and neck.

She told them I started it all. She swayed the court in her favour and won custody of the children, my dearest possession. Now I am alone in my affliction. It was not always like this. There was a time when I was happy. There were stars in her eyes and whispered endearments on my lips. We were married on a pleasant winter evening in late February in Pune, where the cold is not bone-chilling or bitter like the severe North, but mild and tingling like a breath of breeze.

Her name was Vinita. It still is of course. Funny how one begins to think in the past tense when everything that stood for happiness has crumbled beyond recognition and gone. I still go to our old haunts in the city all over again. I still can't pinpoint the exact moment when things began to go sour. I don't remember whether it was summer or winter or March or August, or even noon or midnight. It was such a gradual process that we kind of slid into it and suddenly found ourselves living in a brutal hell.

Wandering unshaven and unkempt in a park where we had spent our summer evenings, I disturb a pair of young lovers who start apart when I appear. I smile to let them know I mean no harm. But I see the girl clutch her companion's arm and cry in a frightened voice, "Let's run. There's an old man following us!" I stretch out my hand to reassure them that I am harmless. That once I too was as carefree and blithe as they. But alas, the boy whispers to her, loud enough for me to hear, "Come quickly, he's a mad man. He tried to kill his wife."

"Really?"

"Yes. They saved her just in time. It would have been a great tragedy."

They don't know it is already a great tragedy — for me at least.

Anjuman is my name. When I was young I was never in dearth of friends. Yes, admirers too, many of them from among the fair sex. You will not think it if you see me now, but one of the reasons why Vinita fell in love with me was for my dashing good looks. We were in the same college together, an institution with spacious grounds and buildings with stone walls and cool sloping roofs. The college still stands, but there are other students there now, young enough to be my children. I go there too, sometimes and sit under a tree or stand about the playground watching, as if in flashback, the episodes from my past.

There was a furore when I wanted to marry Vinita. You see, we belonged to different religions and my people were as dogmatic about their faith as her's were about Hinduism. The only one who stood by us was her brother Shambhu, an overbearing hulk of a man who was called Dada by all his friends. He had a motor garage in the city where he tinkered about with cars of every conceivable make. He was not very bright in the head, but he had an intensely practical mind when it came to mechanical jobs or repair and maintenance of engines. Every day he drove around in a different model, giving the impression of immense prosperity. But the cars were not his. They were ones that his customers left with him for purposes of servicing.

It was he who told me one day as he took us for a long drive, halfway out of the city, "If you're keen on Vinita you better do something constructive about it, because my parents plan to get her married off as soon as she finishes her graduation."

"But," I protested, "that is hardly two months from now."

"That's right," he said. "But she is quite gone on you. She hasn't the heart to confess it to the old people because she is afraid of their possible reaction. All she does is cry her heart out all night and I can't stand it a moment longer."

I took her to see my parents the very next day. My people were much better off than hers having their own land and property. Father was an industrialist and we lived in a sprawling mansion on the outskirts of Pune. I could see she was overawed by the opulence of the place. I tucked a protective arm in the crook of her elbow and we confronted mother and father like that. The

first question father put to me when I broached the subject of marriage was not her religion, but strangely enough, the occupation of her father. When he asked the question, she seemed to shrink within herself. I sensed her diffidence and answered him myself. "What does her economic standing have to do with our marriage?" I asked. "She is prepared to change her religion to marry me."

He did not speak, but mother said, "A lowly stone can never become a diamond however much you polish it." Vinita rose and said with quiet dignity, "Take me home Anjuman."

We met the same kind of resistance in her house. The moment I stepped in I knew I shouldn't have done it. There was a fierce religious austerity in their Brahmanism which prohibited her mother from even entering the room where I sat. Dada told me later that she had performed a puja in the room to clean the atmosphere polluted by the presence of a meat eating intruder like me.

We had to elope in the end. Some months later Vinita became pregnant. We had stayed away from our families all this time in an hotel room while I hunted frantically for a job. But there were hundreds of young men like me queued up outside employment exchanges and private firms, engineering establishments and factories. I had no special qualifications except a degree to set me apart from the rest.

In my college days, I realised too starkly, I had been besieged with hangers-on and admirers because of my father's wealth and influential position, not on account of myself. I was pained to find that boys, and teachers too, who had gone out of their way to be nice to me, tried to avoid me now and often were cursory in their talk. Maybe they thought I would ask them for money.

One day, I came back from my futile job hunting to find Vinita in tears. Alarmed I asked, "What's the matter? You're not sick, are you?"

"I'm bleeding. I think I'm going to have a miscarriage." I took her to hospital in a taxi. She was admitted and I went home alone. The empty hotel room seemed to mock me. It was harder to bear with Vinita gone. Both my money and patience were wearing thin. Yet, in spite of the fact that I had left home almost ostracised, my sister Razia had tried to help me. She was married to an architect and stayed in Bombay. Now I realised more than ever the desperate need for funds. I had not felt so helpless in my whole life. At home I had lived without a care in the world.

Now I scraped together what was left and took a train to Bombay. I travelled third class to make the money last longer. I was banking on Razia to help me again. I would need the money to pay Vinita's hospital expenses. Razia had changed in some way, I found. A bit aloof but not downright rude. I wondered what was wrong, then realised it was the presence of her husband. He belonged to the old school of thought and thought me an outcaste. She had to fall in line with his thinking. Maybe the first time she sent me money he had not even been aware of it.

She wanted to hide this fact from him and was afraid that I would bring it into the open now. She did not earn any money herself. It all belonged to him. Had she been a working wife it might have been different. I left in an hour, refusing her half-hearted offer of a meal. I did not broach the subject of money to her at all.

The journey back to Poona was more depressing than ever, yet there was a silver lining. There was a man in the train who befriended me and told me he would give me a job. He had a shop in Rasta Peth and needed a salesman. I didn't even ask him what kind of shop it was. It was enough that he was giving me employment. He said he often made the run between Poona and Bombay, but hated to travel first class for fear of thieves.

They managed to save Vinita's baby, but it had to be in an incubator. Our first born was a daughter. I rented a room close to my place of work and we led an existence of sorts. Vinita, like me, had broken off all contacts with home. Now more than ever, I think, she felt the need for her mother. She was often in tears for no reason, vented her anger on the growing child and did not take heed of her appearance. All this told on my nerves, too. I was hardly ever in a good mood when I came home from work.

Once I struck her. That night, she took the child and left, while I, oblivious of this, slept on. In the morning I found her gone. Thinking she had gone back to her parents, I rang up her brother. He told me she was not there. Shambhu, after his initial connivance to get us hitched, had avoided coming over, no doubt afraid of the same thing — the thought that I would try to borrow money.

I went out to work as usual and gave a worried account of her disappearance to my boss. He touched me gently on the shoulder and asked me not to worry. He had found her wandering disconsolate on the streets and given her shelter for the night. I was so grateful I burst into tears. He consoled me saying, "In future if there is anything you need, just ask for it."

Gradually our financial condition improved. I was not certain at first how the miracle took place. But instead of telling me the money was over on the fifteenth, Vinita managed to stretch it to the end of the month without much difficulty. I gave no thought to the apparent buying power of my rupees. I had not got a hike in pay, yet miraculously the bins were always full of rice. There were vegetables in plenty. Even sweetmeats.

I asked a colleague of mine who worked in the shop, how he lived and was amazed

THE SHAME AND DISGRACE AND THE SENSE OF BETRAYAL I FELT, LED TO THE VIOLENT ACT THAT SHATTERED MY MARRIAGE AND MADE ME AN OUTCASTE.

to note the difference in our standards of life. He told me the prices of the commodities. So far I had left the shopping and running of the house entirely to Vinita. Now I began to probe her with endless questions.

"Why are you curious now!" she asked. "You never bothered before."

"I want to know," I insisted doggedly. She was large with child again and ungainly in her walk.

"Aren't you happy?" she asked.

"Yes, but you must tell me the secret."

"I love you," she said, "that is the secret."

When Vinita went into hospital again, I wondered how we would bear the additional burden of medical expenses. On pay day, I was surprised to find much more money in my envelope than should have been there. I thought it was a mistake and went in person to the Lalaji.

"Sir," I said. "I think there's been some mistake. I've been overpaid."

"It is no mistake Anjuman," he replied glibly. "The extra money is to offset Vinita's hospital expenses."

I was astounded.

"Sir," I asked amazed. "Why are you doing this for us?"

"Because I like you," he replied. "You are like a son to me."

When I went home I told Vinita about the fantastic stroke of luck. She only smiled. It was while she was in hospital that I noticed the subtle change in the attitude of the other salesmen towards me. I failed to understand it. They were cold and aloof and not as free as they had been in earlier days.

I knew one of them, a little well-off guy called Shekar who had befriended me when I was new and had taught me the work. One afternoon during the lunch hour, I asked him, "What is wrong with all the employees here?"

"Why? There's nothing wrong with them," he said.

"They don't seem to like me any more."

He looked away.

"Tell me Shekar, what is the trouble?" I insisted.

Still he would not speak.

"If you won't tell me, who will?" I asked.

"Any man who sells his wife is viewed with scorn," he said.

"Sell my wife! What the hell are you talking about?"

Then I got it. The miraculous way the house was stocked with provisions, the gifts galore, the special treatment. It all meant only one thing. Payment for services rendered. I felt the room spin in front of my eyes. How could Vinita have done such a thing to me?

I was so upset I could not go and visit her in hospital. I did not think I could stand the shame. Three days later Lalaji asked me, "You have not been visiting your wife?"

"No Sir," I said poker faced. I was afraid I would hit him if I let my emotions run away with me. I controlled myself with difficulty.

"Why?"

I did not reply.

"In life," he went on, "one has to make so many adjustments. Marriage is give-and-take."

I could not stand it. I turned and walked out of the shop. I mailed my resignation. I could not bear to go in person and hand it over to the lecher.

On the day I brought Vinita back from hospital with our new born son, I was morose and gloomy. There had to be a showdown.

"Aren't you well?" she asked me. "They were saying you had not been going to work."

So she had got wind of it. I wondered who had been going to see her. Lalaji no doubt. I sat with clenched hands all the way during the taxi ride home.

My daughter ran up to me. I hugged her. We had left her with the neighbours when Vinita left for the hospital. We could have been such a happy family I thought, but Vinita had betrayed my trust.

As soon as we were inside the house, I swung on her like a tiger, not caring for the presence of the child or her delicate condition. The door was closed on the rest of the world and we were alone with her deceit and my anger.

"Do you know what they are saying?" I shouted. "They say I have sold you to the Lalaji."

Continued on page 51

WINNING PRINTS

Gone are the big, splashy prints and blooming once again on light-weight chiffons and silks are these fresh, simple prints, bringing a breath of fresh air to the fashion scene. A spectacle of colours and prints in trend-setting designs in traditional pattern, give each saree a prettier and splashier look. You can see how these prints mix and match and each individual pattern is just as effective on its own. Moreover, these sarees are very much in keeping with the present fashion mood, adding a touch of elegance wherever you go.

Feature presented by SHANTI CHOPRA
Courtesy: RUPALI PRINTS, Malti Bagh, Varanasi.

EXT. LEFT: Fresh and lively look! The traditional paisley motifs adorn the skirt edge of this beautifully combined chiffon and silk saree. Print repeats on the pallav edge; floral and geometrical print in a combination of black and royal blue well suited for late evening wear.

LEFT: Daytime drama in black, white and red — a saree with a black and white print looks striking with a broad floral border and a filigree pattern all over; a printed border in silk accentuates the skirt edge of a chiffon saree. A portion of the border repeats at intervals on the other half of the saree.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

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EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

STARTING POPULATION CLUBS

S. C. JHANSI

"If we do not concentrate on organising population education programmes for different target groups such as boys, girls and young mothers who are in the reproductive stage in the country, we may face a severe population explosion in the near future," says Jhansi, Population Education specialist, Department of Continuing and Adult Education. S.N.D.T. Women's University, Bombay. The Population Education Cell, founded by the Family Planning Association of India was set up in early 1978 and Jhansi has been working in this cell since its inception.

Jhansi has the distinction of high academic achievements. After her graduation she did her B. Ed. course and then got her Master's degree in Social Anthropology from the Venkateswara University, Tirupati. After her M. A., she planned to do her diploma in Population Education at the International Institute for Population Studies, Bombay.

Talking about her decision to do this course, Jhansi said, "While doing my Master's course in Social Anthropology, I developed a lot of interest in understanding human beings, their racial groups, etc. Later, I worked for a short while as a research assistant for an experimental project on non-formal education set up at Mehboobnagar by the Council for Social Development, New Delhi. As a research assistant I had to interview women who did not show interest in learning and ascertain their reasons for not attending the programme. This involvement with human beings prompted me to study population education."

In 1977 Jhansi completed her diploma in Demographic Studies and she was the only girl out out of five students to do her diploma. As a student at the institute, Jhansi had the opportunity of meeting international scholars in demography and also other students from the Far East and South East Asia as this is the only demographic institute in South East Asia.

Later, she did a course in scientific research at A. N. Sinha Institute for Social Sciences at Patna. After a short stint as a medical social worker in the air pollution prevention unit, K.E.M. Hospital, Jhansi was appointed as population education specialist at S.N.D.T. Women's University.

In her present job she is responsible for starting population clubs through colleges. Talking about population clubs, Jhansi said, "These clubs are primarily to decentralise the cell's activity and to encourage students to know about the problems of population explosion and to organise meetings in the community to make people aware of population problems. For effective working of population education clubs as they are now called, they impart training to teachers and members of the club in development of leadership and creativity so that they are better equipped with skills to work in the community."

At present, there are five clubs in Bombay, Poona, Sangli and Bhavanagar. Jhansi went on to say that these clubs have various programmes to educate people about population problems. They use various audio-visual aids like slides, films and film strips on population problems, which are followed by discussion. They show films which are specially prepared by the Family Planning Association of India, known as

'Down to earth series" which are in English and Hindi. These films carry the message of population explosion in a very graphic and effective manner.

"Besides establishing population education clubs in colleges we also organise essay and poster competitions with the population problem as their theme. We also work with women in selected communities and organise extension lectures, baby competitions, exhibitions and demonstrations of simple handicrafts. These programmes are aimed at popularising population education programmes. We are now taking steps to integrate population with the national adult education programme as both of them are very essential for our country," said Jhansi.

When asked about population education programmes in other countries, Jhansi said that most underdeveloped countries have been organising population education programmes on a massive scale with the emphasis on preparation of and suitable for various target groups.

In the Phillipines, the Government has integrated population education with the school curriculum and has developed suitable material. In Korea they have concentrated on "out of school youth" for programme implementation. In India, with the help of the F.P.A.I., population education cells which cater to University youth, out of school youth and women in the reproductive age group, are being established in rural and urban areas.

The F.P.A.I. is a pioneer in population education as nearly a decade back it organised seminars on this. In the recent past the F.P.A.I. is also starting Pariwar Pragati Mandals which are basically socio-economic oriented scheemes. These mandals motivate women to come in large numbers and learn about population problems and their role in checking the growth along with learning of new occupational skills.

In conclusion, Jhansi said, "The S.N.D.T. Women's University with its progressive ideas under Dr. (Mrs) Madhuri Shah, Vice-Chancellor, and Mrs. K. H. Bhansali, Registrar, is planning to develop material on population education in regional languages and to integrate Population Education in the course content for B.A. students. This University is one of the seven which have been receiving financial assistance from the F.P.A.I to set up population education cells.

Kamala Kumar

CALLING ALL POPPETS !

Eve's Weekly invites you to, once again, join our Poppets on Parade. Send in photographs of your little darlings — daughter, son, niece, nephew, grandchild. . . just about every poppet in your family or, even, a friend's poppet. Photographs (only black and white) must be sharp, clear, preferably glossy-finish and not smaller than postcard size. There will be no prizes and only selected pictures will be published in Eve's Weekly. Please mention the name of the child and the age at the back of the photograph. The age limit is up to 8 years.

Closing Date: Extended to July 22.

And remember, NO tiny pictures, please.

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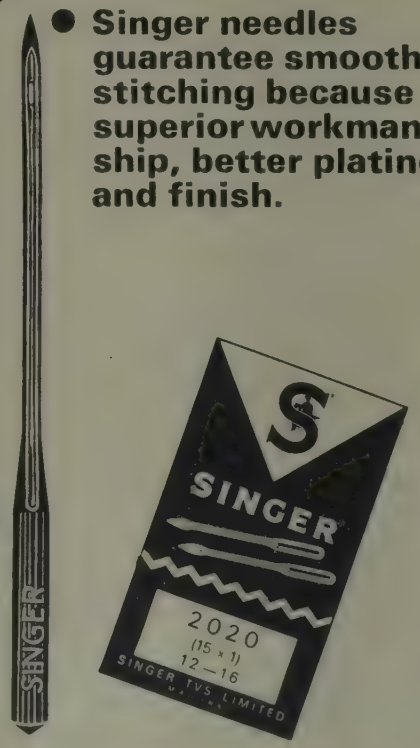

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OUR DAILY DAL

Premila Lal

Planning a good menu is an art and not only does it need careful selection of dishes, care should also be taken to harmonise dishes with each other. Nutritious and wholesome dal, plays an important part in the vegetarian menu. Also dal preparations fit in with any type of menu and it is wiser to include at least one variety of dal in your daily menu. Dal can be tasty and exciting on its own or it can be served as an accompaniment, as a sabzi, or turned into a sizzling snack.

AAMBAT

250 grams sprouted lentil seeds (masoor)
½ coconut
3 red dry chillis (fried)
1 marble-sized tamarind ball
¼ tsp. fenugreek seeds
Salt to taste
1 tsp. coconut oil
2 small onions
1 tbsp. ghee
4 cashewnuts (optional)

Photograph : Farokh Repor

Soak the lentil seeds overnight. Next morning, drain, and put it in a vessel with a tight-fitting lid. Place near the fire, with a fairly heavy weight on the lid. By evening they will sprout. Once more soak these sprouted lentils in plenty of water overnight. Next morning drain and remove the outer skins.

Now heat 4 cups of water. When the water boils put in the lentil seeds. When half cooked, drop in a few cashewnuts and cook till tender. Add salt. Grind the coconut along with red chillis and tamarind, to a smooth paste. Fry the fenugreek in oil till it turns red. Grind it along with the paste. Then pour in all the ground masala into the lentil seed curry, bring to a boil and let it cook for 5 more minutes. Remove from the fire. Chop onions, fry in ghee to a golden brown and mix it in the aambat.

BANANA FLOWER CURRY

1 banana flower
¾ cup tur and channa dal
3 dry red chillis
½ tsp. turmeric
½ tsp. asafoetida
½ tsp. mustard seeds
1 tsp. udad dal
3 tbsps. coconut oil
Salt to taste

Soak the dals for about half an hour. Peel off the outer petal of the banana flower.

Remove the hard core from the centre of the little flowers. Now dice the remainder of the stalk and little flowers.

Boil these with a pinch of turmeric and salt. Strain and cool. Grind the soaked dal with red chillis and salt. Form into balls and steam or boil gently for 10 to 15 minutes. Fry the mustard seeds in the coconut oil. Add the dal balls and stir gently. When the balls are brown add the cooked banana flowers and asafoetida. Mix well.

MYSORE RASAM

1 cup tur dal
250 grams tomatoes
1 small ball tamarind
A sprig of curry leaves
A bunch of coriander leaves
Salt to taste
1 tsp. mustard seeds
Ghee

FRY THE FOLLOWING INGREDIENTS SEPARATELY:

4 red dry chillis
1 tsp. coriander seeds
¼ tsp. cummin seeds
¼ tsp. black peppercorns
¼ tsp. fenugreek
A small pinch asafoetida
¼ tsp. turmeric

Soak the tamarind in half cup of water for 10 minutes. Boil the dal in 4 cups water and when cooked, add the chopped tomatoes. Powder all the fried ingredients and add to the dal-tomato mixture. Extract juice from the tamarind and add to the above mixture together with salt. Let it simmer for about 15 minutes. Season with curry and coriander leaves.

Fry the mustard seeds in a little ghee and when they splutter, remove and put it in the rasam.

VEGETABLE VADAS

120 grams black gram dal
120 grams Bengal gram
120 grams peas, shelled
120 grams cabbage leaves
2 large onions
6 green chillis
1 tsp. cummin seeds, roasted
A small piece ginger
Coriander leaves, chopped
Ghee or oil
Salt to taste

Clean and wash the dals and soak in cold water for about 4 hours. Strain and grind well into a soft paste. Chop cabbage and onions coarsely and grind them coarsely together with ginger, peas and green chillis. Mix the vegetables into the dal paste, add salt and coriander and keep aside.

Just before serving time, heat ghee in a kerahi. Place enough mixture on your palm, press down lightly with the other palm and drop the pancake gently into the smoking ghee. Fry on both sides until crisp and golden brown. Drain and remove. Repeat this process until all the paste has been used.

MASOOR KA GOSHT

½ kg black masoor dal
½ kg mutton or chicken
6 onions, finely chopped
½ pod garlic
1 dtsp. coriander and cummin seed powder
1 dtsp. red chilli powder
1 dtsp. garam masala
1 small bunch coriander leaves,
3 large tomatoes, chopped
1 tsp. turmeric
Juice of 1 lemon
3 green chillis, finely chopped
Salt to taste

Soak the dal in water for one hour before use. Drain. Wash the chicken or the meat and cut into small pieces as required. In a saucepan put 3 dessertspoon of ghee. Add the onions and garlic, and fry until golden brown. Stir in the turmeric powder, red chilli powder, garam masala, coriander and cummin seed powder and the lemon juice. Allow all these ingredients to cook on a slow fire till the masala is cooked. Put in the mutton or chicken. Fry this for a while and then mix in the masoor. Add coriander leaves, green chillis and tomatoes. Pour in sufficient water. Cover the saucepan and allow to cook on a slow fire till tender.

DRUMSTICK SAMBAR

250 gram tur dal
3 drumsticks, cut into 4 pieces
½ tsp. turmeric powder
½ coconut
4 dry red chillis
1 tsp. cummin seeds
Salt to taste
A pinch of asafoetida
1 tbsp. oil
1 tsp. mustard seeds

Clean and wash the dal. Place to boil with four cups of water. Cook till tender. In a separate saucepan boil the drumsticks pieces with two cups water and turmeric powder. Grate the coconut. Take three-quarters of the grated coconut, 2 chillis and cummin seeds and grind to a paste. Mix this paste into the cooked dal. When the drumsticks are tender, add to the dal. Add salt to taste. Fry the asafoetida and add to the dal.

Heat the oil and fry the mustard seeds till they splutter. Add the remaining coconut and fry. Add this to the dal.

KHUTTI DAL

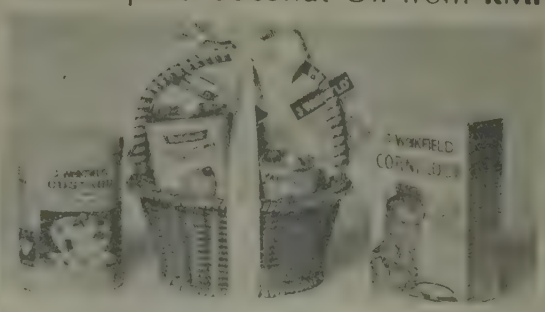
250 gram dal
30 grams ghee
2 tbsps. onions, chopped
1 cup tamarind water
2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
4 cardamoms
2 cloves
1 stock cinnamon
1 tsp. chilli powder
Coriander leaves
Salt to taste

Wash and soak the dal in water overnight. Strain and cook in fresh water until well cooked. Heat the ghee and brown the chopped onions. Add the tamarind water and ground spices. Add this to the dal and cook for another 15 minutes.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize.

1) A 3-in-one Storefresh container from **TRUPTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) a Gift Hamper from **WEIKFIELD** containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A 1000 ml. pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from **KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LTD.,** Cochin.



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Bijayalaxmi Senapati, Orissa.

MANPASAND CHICKEN WITH CREAM SAUCE

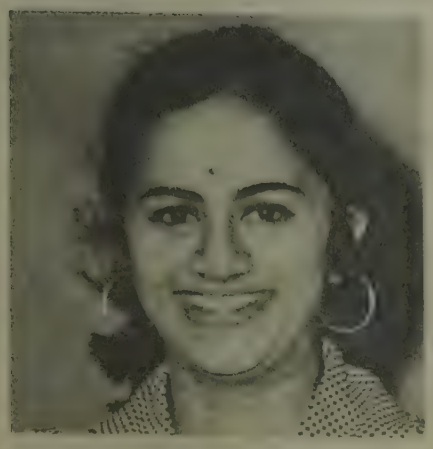
1 kg boneless chicken meat
2 tbsps. butter
2 tbsps. curd
1" ginger
8 pods garlic
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. green cardamom powder
½ tsp. black pepper powder
½ tsp. cinnamon powder
4 black cardamoms, crushed
1 onion, sliced
1 tsp. salt

FOR THE CREAM SAUCE :

2 cups coconut milk
¾ cup cream
½ tsp. sugar
¾ tsp. salt
A pinch saffron
½ cup cashewnuts
¼ cup raisins
¼ cup dates
3 tomatoes, quartered
½ cup shelled peas, boiled
2 tsps. kewra water
Silver paper to decorate

Heat butter. Put in the chicken. Stir for eight minutes. Remove. Mix ginger, garlic, chilli, cardamom, pepper, cinnamon, salt and curd well with chicken. Keep aside for two hours. Fry the sliced onion in hot ghee till golden brown. Pour over the chicken. Mix well and bake for 30 minutes.

Mix the coconut milk, cream, saffron, salt, sugar. Beat it nicely. Put in cashewnuts, raisins, dates and green peas, and boil for ten minutes. Pour this sauce over the chicken, decorate with tomatoes and once again bake for 20 minutes. Remove. Sprinkle kewra water. Decorate with silver paper. Serve hot.



Beena Singh, Bangalore.

EGG IN PEA MASALA

4 eggs
1½ tbsps. flour (maida)
1 kg peas
¼ kg tomatoes, chopped
¼ kg onion, chopped
½ cup coriander leaves
½ cup cheese, grated
Salt to taste
½ tsp. garam masala
1 tsp. red chilli powder
½ tsp. coriander powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1" piece ginger
2 pods garlic
3 tbsps. ghee

Beat the eggs and mix with flour Pour the liquid into a greased tray. Steam in cooker, without pressure for five minutes. Remove and cut into small pieces. Keep aside. Grind ginger and garlic to a fine paste.

Brown the chopped onions in ghee. Add ginger and garlic paste, garam masala, red chilli powder, coriander powder and turmeric powder. Stir well and then add green peas. Add one cup of water and cover. After five minutes add the chopped tomatoes and salt to taste.

Put on fire till peas are cooked and the gravy thickens. Remove in a large dish. Add grated cheese, egg pieces and coriander leaves. Serve hot.

Mrs. Surjit Kaur, Ludhiana.

STUFFED PUMPKIN

4 small size pumpkins
300 grams mutton, minced
100 grams cheese, grated
20 cashewnuts
1 onion, minced
2 tbsps. tomato puree
½ tsp. ground ginger
Dash of chilli powder
Pepper and salt to taste

Mix the meat and seasonings. Peel the pumpkins, slice from the top and scoop out the inside. Stuff with the meat mixture. Cover the top with the cut pumpkin slice. Line a tray with a greased paper. Bake the pumpkins in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Garnish with sliced onions and coriander leaves. Serve hot with chappatis.

WEEKLY WINNER

VERONICA MARTINS, Bombay.

Mrs. Martins wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

PRAWN CIGARS

1 cup fresh prawns, shelled, boiled and ground to a smooth paste
1 small tin sardines, mashed
½ cup potato, mashed
2 medium size onions, minced fine
8 green chillis, chopped
1 tbsp. ginger and garlic paste
1 small bunch coriander leaves, chopped fine
1 sour lime
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. mixed spices
1 egg
1 tbsp. celery, chopped
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Mix together the prawn paste, mashed fish, mashed potato and the lime juice. Keep aside.

Heat one tablespoon oil. Fry the onions, green chillis, ginger garlic paste, coriander leaves and chilli powder. Fry just for two minutes. Add the mixed spice powder and chopped celery. Fry for one minute more. Remove and add the fried masala to the prawn paste. Mix well. Divide the mixture into tiny balls. Roll into cigar shape. Coat with beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry till golden brown. Garnish with sliced tomato and cucumber.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

EYE-CATCHERS !

Anu Ganju made her debut in Bombay with her exhibition of collages, some of which have been featured here.

She makes admirable use of aluminium foil, felt paper in vivid colours, and pieces of cloth to make eye-catching wall decorations.
Her work is marked by a sense of colour and composition and meticulous execution. Her motifs are typically Indian — elephant, peacock, fish, rural scenes and so on.

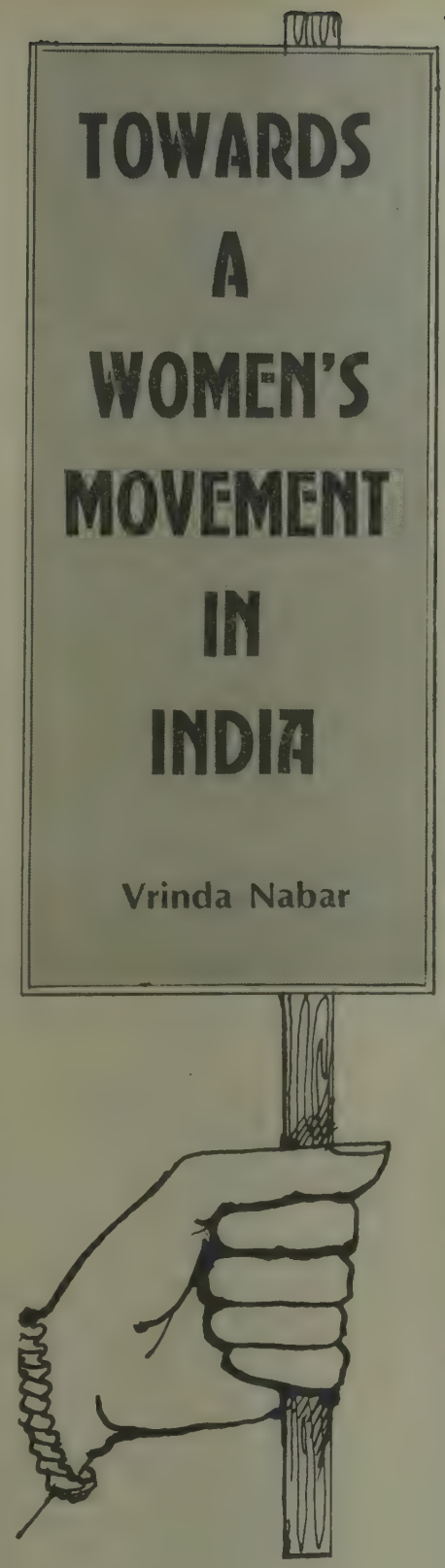
This talented artist is a qualified architect.
Besides collages, she does batik wall-hangings, too.

FAR LEFT : "Spring" — birds dancing with life.
LEFT : "The Ride" — a caparisoned elephant with a howdah.
ABOVE : "Mosaic" — a composition comprising different motifs.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

TOWARDS A WOMEN'S MOVEMENT IN INDIA

Vrinda Nabar



There are discussions in some quarters here about the effects of the women's movement on the male ego, that super-sensitive treasure of men the world over. I wonder how relevant such discussions are.

I think that it is premature to link the women's movement and the male ego in the present Indian context. Such a link implies that the movement has become forceful enough to pose a threat to the traditional man-woman relationship. It is presumptuous to speak of the women's movement in India as if it were a **fait accompli.** There is no "women's movement" here of any significant magnitude or stamina, nothing that is comparable to the feminism which gradually evolved in the West and took a decisively militant form in the sixties. Norman Mailer's brilliantly sexist riposte, "The Prisoner of Sex" was an example of what the women's movement could mean to the male ego in a purely intellectual western context. Other studies and surveys functioned at a more mundane level, focusing on the repercussions such a movement could have in an ordinary, domestic setting.

In India, the women's movement has been very much an "in-group" concept. Even within this limited circuit there is no evidence of any kind of concerted effort. There is no sense of service to a cause, only a situation in which a few of us, fed on Western feminist literature, gabble on, about liberation, emancipation, the feminine mystique, etc. Our priorities are dubious; our goals, almost without exception, individualistic and self-centred.

We **need** a women's movement in India, and it will have to take shape and keep pace with the other struggles within our social set-up. The fight against exploitation is not relevant to caste and class alone. Any meaningful movement against discrimination must admit the women's struggle as a primary and integral part of its manifesto.

It is inevitable that, initially, the women's movement in India may depend on the West for its intellectual stimulus. It should be clear, however, that such a stimulus needs to develop beyond the purely idea stage. While the broader issues of the movement may be similar the world over, regional or national differences demand their own solutions. If the movement is to have any social relevance, these differences must be seen as crucial. This is because there are aspects of the women's situation here which belong to the pressures of Indian society and will be irrelevant to any western movement.

For instance, even after the Indian woman is granted equality in terms of law, pay, and treatment by employers, rights and privileges in all public institutions and on public occasions, opportunity, etc., the real problems do not merely persist but are socially approved, even sanctified. Menstruation has always carried its taboos, and these are quite rampant in rural India. Amazingly, a large number of urban, educated Hindus and Parsis still believe in segregating a menstruating woman during the first three days. The more "enlightened," who have discarded this ritual, will maintain that a woman cannot participate in any religious function during her "unclean" phase!

Dowries will continue, in spite of the law, for the majority of our men still prefer to marry jewellery, stainless steel and, more recently, furnished flats. Respectable industrial houses, known for their philanthropy and service to various social causes, admit an unwritten discrimination against recruiting women for their administrative services. This is on the ground that a woman's place, all said and done, is essentially in the home, and these jobs could be transferrable.

THE FIGHT AGAINST EXPLOITATION IS NOT RELEVANT TO CASTE AND CLASS ALONE. ANY MEANINGFUL MOVEMENT AGAINST DISCRIMINATION MUST ADMIT THE WOMEN'S STRUGGLE AS A PRIMARY AND INTEGRAL PART OF ITS MANIFESTO

Women are expected to have babies and be good mothers, but "maternity leave" openly operates as a minus point in job recruitment.

One may move on, from these urban centred predicaments to the rural context where maternity leave or transferrable jobs are unknown. Here the woman is the "weaker" sex only in terms of the vulnerability of her being born a woman. Physically she is expected to work as hard as the male, for a much smaller wage. Within the home, urban and rural women share similar problems. These relate to domestic chores, motherhood and children, the relationship to husband and "in-laws" etc. Any job outside the house is regarded as extraneous to the woman's "real" duties as a housewife.

This means that, in effect, the woman works at two jobs, one outside the house and the other within it, one paid, the other unpaid, usually unacknowledged and taken for granted. In spite of her theoretical progress she is trapped within the traditional roles which deify her slavery in epithets like "Grihalakshmi". In a perceptive poem about the middle-class woman, the Marathi poet Indira Sant describes the reality behind the headlines which speak of women's advance or liberation. I quote part of it:

In the evening,

Twilight-time exhausted, shifting from hand to hand

Her hand bag and shopping bags, she returns.

That's middle-class Jane.

She's the subject of those headlines.

That image of her, carefully carried with her purse

She throws into the fire

That the tea may be ready sooner.

Her wings are clipped, the tea is poured.

Then at the cooker. The chappatis. The spices.

Difficult children and adults. Sullen servants.

Countless threads which bind her tight.

What a drag! She who cooks

Is the one who is cooked.

One has only to watch television, go to the cinema, or read popular literature to see how this home loving image is perpetually thrown at the audience. On the screen, the breasty vamp changes, after marriage, into a demure, simpering, sacrificial beast of burden. In fiction, the wife is always at home, the "other woman" flaunts her independence. it's all very clear-cut, insidiously propagandist, and aimed at preserving the status quo. Woman's "progress," in effect, means the worst of both worlds!

In India today, the male ego operates independently of the women's movement. It is not possible to assess the impact of such a movement on an ego which is not individual but represents the "collective unconscious" of centuries of Indian traditional mores. There is no doubt, though, that the male response to a women's movement will be far from encouraging. It may even take a positive anti-stand. At present, among the cultural-intellectual pseudos, the attitude is largely restricted to crude jokes about bra-burning and sexual licence. Even this emphasis, borrowed from the West, indicates something of men's attitude to women as sex-objects first and last. The "male ego", I'm sure, will pose a vital obstacle to any struggle for liberation by women. I hope there comes a day when that ego is finally annihilated.

THE STORY SO FAR. . . .

ONE: Bret Nelson, thirty-four, a tall New Zealander currently in Britain on a short business trip, meets Clementina O'Gorman (Clem), at the wedding of a common friend. A courtship ensues during which he tells her about his family back home — parents, his brothers Ken, Carl and Thad and a sister Nicola. She confesses she is the orphan daughter of an Irish feudal lord who eloped with a nursemaid, thus severing all connections with the aristocratic household. Bret asks her to accompany him to New Zealand, but she is insulted at the audacity of the "proposition."

NOW READ ON. . .

"No!" The anger in his voice brought her whipping round to face him. "It's what's known as a proposal."

"It's impossible!" Clem cried. "Even if I said yes, it couldn't be done in time. There must be laws — regulations."

"There are. I've been into all that. There are several alternatives. The one I prefer is that we marry here before flying to New Zealand together, and then lodge an application for you to stay as a permanent resident. There should be no problem."

"The whole idea is crazy," Clem protested. "We hardly know each other. You're asking me to get married and throw up my job and my home and fly to the other side of the world with a virtual stranger — all in a matter of days!"

"Okay. Just listen for a minute will you?" As her mouth closed firmly, he smiled. "I told you there are alternatives. I know it's asking a lot of you, but on the other hand you have no family ties, and designers and boutiques are as much needed in New Zealand as here, although you won't legally be allowed to work until your resident status is confirmed. You see as a visitor you could stay in New Zealand for six months. You can apply for permanent residence before we leave here, and you would do so as my fiancee, as someone intending to marry a New Zealand citizen. I'll pay all your expenses of course. It gives you six months to get to know me. Do you think that will be enough?"

"You mean, we'd be engaged?"

"Yes, but it would be a sort of trial engagement, if you like, not a binding promise of marriage."

"Where would I stay?" she asked.

"You could, if you like, stay with me in my flat." His eyes challenged her.

"No, thanks." Her features took on the familiar sardonic look. "I might accept a trial engagement, but a trial marriage is not my style."

"I'm glad," he said. "You could stay at the farm with my parents. I'm there most weekends, and it's not too far from Auckland where I stay."

Clem wandered over to the window again. The morning had begun bright and sunny, but the day was turning grey. Summer would be over soon.

PART TWO

My Darling Clementina

Daphne Clair

"My Darling Clementina" was originally published by Mills and Boon Ltd., London (c) Daphne Clair Australian copyright 1978.

Without turning round, she said, "Your parents may not be keen to have a strange woman wished on them for six months."

"I've already asked them and they've offered you a very warm welcome. They love company."

"So you didn't really expect me to say yes, to marrying you right away?"

"I hoped that you would, but I like to cover every contingency if possible. Stop stalling. You're going to come."

* * *

It was cool when they arrived in Auckland. The gusty wind blowing from the sea adjacent to the airport whipped Clem's hair around her face and pulled at her clothes as they walked from the plane.

"We're staying with my sister Nicola and her husband for tonight," Bret told her. "They have a flat in Parnell — one of the inner city suburbs. I hope they've been able to come and meet us." As they emerged from Customs into the crowded airport lounge, a squeal of "Bret" was followed by a small tornado in a red coat, which flung itself on his chest, to be picked up bodily and soundly kissed on both cheeks.

"Clementina," said Bret, "Meet my sister, Nicola Page, and her husband Owen Page. This is my fiancee Clementina Mary O'Gorman."

"Please call me Clem," she said quickly, smiling at the two of them.

Clem found their flat as charming as the couple who had met them. She said so as she looked round the spacious

room into which she was ushered with its high ceiling and restful blue and mauve decor.

"You can have the spare bedroom tonight," Nicola said to Clem. "In here." She ushered Clem into a small room holding a single bed and an old fashioned dressing table freshly painted in white enamel. "Bret will have to make do with the sofa in the hall. I'll leave you for a few minutes to tidy up. The bathroom is just across the way."

Later, peeping in to bid Clem goodnight, Bret put his arms lightly on her shoulders and turned her towards him, "You liked Nicola and Owen didn't you?"

"Yes." There was just the slightest hesitation and he frowned a little.

"Yes — but?"

"There's no but. They're both very nice people." She glanced at him as he released her and turned away, and thought she glimpsed disappointment in his face. "I mean that Bret, I liked them truly." He looked puzzled still.

"It's just that," she went on, "small dainty beauties like Nicola always make me feel a little awkward. I feel — freakish.'

"Freakish." He repeated the word slowly, as though he had never heard it before. Then he smiled and the smile grew into a disbelieving laugh. "Good night, Clem," he said softly.

* * *

When they reached Bret's office in a South Auckland suburb, next day, Clem was introduced to his brother Ken. He was slightly younger and although just as tall as Bret, he had not the same air of quiet authority. He shook hands with Clem, grinning broadly. "Welcome to the family, Clem. I can see my brother's picked the best as usual."

She murmured her thanks and sat quietly in a corner while the two men talked business for half an hour. Then Bret apologised for keeping her waiting in boredom and asked if she was ready to go.

"Silly question," he admitted, catching her small grin. "Let's go. My parents must be agog to see you."

When they reached the house, Clem saw that it was quite large, an old colonial style farmhouse with a verandah running round three sides of it, painted fresh white with blue window sills and decorative shutters to match. Bret's mother came hurrying out to greet them. Bret kissed her and introduced Clem. Mrs. Nelson ushered her inside, leaving Bret to deal with the cases. "Put them in Nicola's room," she instructed him. "I've made the bed up there for Clementina."

Inside, Clementina helped Mrs. Nelson in the kitchen, fitting nicely into the family environment.

CLEM FOUND IT EASY ENOUGH TO LIKE BRET'S LARGE FAMILY, ONLY SHE COULD NOT MAKE UP HER MIND ABOUT BRET HIMSELF — HE SEEMED TO TAKE HER TOO MUCH FOR GRANTED

"And how do your people feel about your coming all this way to get married?" Mrs. Nelson asked Clem.

"I haven't any people," Clem replied in a small voice.

"She's an orphan," Bret explained, appearing in the doorway and strolling over to stand by her chair, his hand resting lightly on Clem's shoulder. "Her parents died some years ago."

"I'm so sorry, dear," Mrs. Nelson said, her face filled with sympathy. "That must have been very sad for you. Did you have brothers and sisters?"

"She's an only child," Bret answered for her again. "I bribed her to come here with the promise of my numerous family to keep her company."

"Oh, I'm sure there was a little more to it than that!" Mrs. Nelson smiled.

"Oh yes," Clem agreed sweetly. "He promised me never-ending sunshine and glorious beaches and a life of leisure."

"And a wedding ring," Bret added, his fingers tightening on Clem's shoulder as he glinted down at her.

Slowly she smiled back at him. "Oh yes, that too," she agreed, as though it had slipped her mind. She glanced at the "engagement" ring on her finger, a gold circlet surmounted by a square sapphire and flanked by two gleaming diamonds. She was glad now that Bret had insisted on it for propriety's sake, overruling her protests. It served to remind her of their trial engagement."

Bret's father came in presently from the farm, followed by a Maori of about eighteen who was Tom Rowland, the farm worker. Mr. Nelson was as tall as his son, his black hair sprinkled with grey, his brown eyes softer than Bret's as he shook hands with Clem in a bone-breaking grip.

"So you're Clementina."

"Clem," she corrected him. He smiled and said obediently, "Clem, I'm very pleased to meet you. I hope you'll enjoy staying with us."

Over steaming cups of tea, Mrs. Nelson said, "We must have a party on Saturday to introduce Clem to our friends and celebrate your engagement." Clem put her cup down with a sudden movement and Bret saw a flash of alarm in her eyes.

"I don't think," he said, "she would like that Mother. Couldn't we leave it until later?"

"Why certainly," she spoke quickly, but looked uncertain. Kindly, she said to Clem, "You needn't be shy of our friends though, dear. They'll all be only too ready to welcome Bret's future wife."

Clem smiled tightly feeling trapped. The look she sent Bret was unconsciously hostile and he put out a hand and closed it hard over hers.

"Mother," he said, "I think that you'd better know something that isn't for public consumption. I rather rushed us into this engagement because of circumstances. Clementina hasn't actually agreed to marry me, as yet. I've promised to give her some time to decide." Under his fingers, Clem's clenched hands gradually relaxed, but he was not looking at her. "A ring seemed a good idea, even though it doesn't quite mean the usual thing," he continued. "So in the meantime, just go easy on playing up the engagement, please would you?"

"Yes, of course, "Mrs. Nelson assured them both. "I think you're very wise Clem, to be sure you know what you're doing before rushing into marriage."

Bret left shortly afterwards, to return to Auckland and the business until the weekend, when he promised humourously to protect Clem from the onslaught of his family, who were scheduled to descend on their old farmhouse en masse.

* * *

Bret was late arriving on Friday night and obviously tired. He had coffee with his parents and Clem and made perfunctory conversation for half an hour, then went off to bed. Looking at Clem's shattered face, Mrs. Nelson said gently as she collected the cups, "Never mind, Clem. There's the whole week-end before you, and Bret will feel better tomorrow."

Thad and Carl arrived together in the morning driving a Japanese made car. Carl shook hands, his nice brown eyes smiling a welcome at her, his voice sincere as he said how pleased he was to meet her. Except for his father's eyes, he looked very much like his mother. Clem liked him immediately.

Thad was a different proposition altogether. As tall as Bret, with bold, almost black eyes and a classically handsome face, he exuded masculine attraction. The girls, Clem thought cynically, must go down like nine-pins in his wake! The bold eyes made a lightning assessment of her as he took her hand, and when they met hers, altered slightly in expression as he registered the mockery behind her smile.

"Congratulations, Bret," Thad said, not shifting his gaze from Clem's face. There was laughter in his eyes, and an unmistakable challenge.

To be continued

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THE THARUS OF RAJASTHAN-

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Achal Mehra

WOMEN RULE THE ROOST AMONG THE THARUS, AND A FAMILY WITH TOO MANY SONS IS LOOKED DOWN UPON

"We are descendants of Maharana Pratap," asserts Hari Ram proudly. It is not an idle boast for him, just a simple statement of fact. Legend says that when the valiant nobles of Rajputana were routed by the invading Moghuls, thousands of women of the kingdom fled to the forests with their servants in an effort to save their sanctity and honour. After several days they reached the dense forests on the Indo-Nepal border, now known as Dudwa, 250 kilometres from Lucknow.

Here the married ones performed a mass sati in accordance with their long prevalent custom. An estimate has it that about one thousand women, many still in their teens, ascended the burning pyres. The others settled down to their new existence in the jungles amidst the wild animals. Endowed with typical Rajput valour, the women, including a Rani, adjusted to their new existence with a remarkable finesse. This was several centuries ago. Many of these women entered into wedlock with the servants and the resulting offspring constituted a new race that has come to be known as the Tharus.

Spread over 35 villages with an average population of 400 in each, the nearly 15,000 Tharus inhabiting the Dudwa National Park and its environs are among the country's most fascinating tribesmen. In a male dominated world their's is among the few societies where the women rule the roost and where a family with too many sons is looked down upon. Men in fact have been relegated to the status of slaves. Women enjoy a higher status in the household possibly because they were from the original nobility while the males were all menials. Tharu women never squat on the floor. Tasks requiring to be performed off the ground are done either by stooping or while sitting on the charpoy. While women will never eat food left over by the males, the men may eat only after the women are through. Tharu men are forbidden from entering the kitchen or drinking from the storage tank of drinking water kept inside the house.

Tharu women clad in their typical costumes and silver jewellery.

It is the women who till the fields, do the weaving, collect firewood and manage the financial affairs of the family. They also supervise the construction of the huts. Tharu women are considerably more enterprising and intelligent than the males and are comparable in even brute strength with the menfolk and can therefore assert their domineering position in the family.

The women accept their social obligations with considerable aplomb and the men are willingly subservient. Even in matters of marriage, the women enjoy a higher status than men. Free love is forbidden, marriages are usually arranged at an early age and premarital conceptions are punishable with possible death and certain excommunication. The husband is required to pay for his bride's welfare to his mother-in-law, at whose house she stays until puberty.

Infant marriages may be cancelled on maturity only by the woman if she is dissatisfied with her husband. This privilege is enjoyed only by women and cannot be exercised by the males.

Cut off from the outside world, the Tharus have developed a self-sufficiency that could well be emulated by villagers all over the country. Without taking recourse to modern agricultural aides like the tractor, processed seeds and fertilisers, their harvest is remarkably heal-

Males as well as females dance vigorously to the beat of drums.

Photographs : Achal Mehra

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THARUS OF RAJASTHAN

thy. While forest officials attribute this to the natural fertility of the soil, the Tharus challenge this explanation. "To defy nature is to bring ruin upon man. We have learnt to live in communion with nature for which it rewards us," they claim.

Rice and fish which is abundant in Dudwa are their staple diet. Oil and frying were unknown to them until recently when outsiders introduced them, but this has yet to become popular among them and most of their dishes are either boiled or baked. The Tharus revel in the hookah and most families grow their own tobacco which undergoes a long process of fermentation and drying to refine its quality.

Mud, reinforced with bamboo and jungle grass, is employed in making everything from the smallest utensil to the largest hut. The infrastructure is made of reeds which are then covered with mud. The men work on the dwellings under the watchful eye of their females. However, the making of utensils, hearths and grain barrels is strictly an eve's department. Until recently even cloth was woven locally but now it is usually purchased in the market which they frequent twice a year to sell their produce.

Combined with the imagination and dexterity of the womenfolk, this cloth is turned into gaudy, ravishing dresses which are worn at festivals like Holi which is a gala affair. The dresses enchanted a party of American tourists so much that they wanted to place a big order for them, but were politely refused by the Tharus, although they did gift a set of their dresses to the fascinated Americans.

The Tharus are famed for their colourful dances which are accompanied by the dhols, harmonium and castanets. Jewellery laden women dance to the beat of drums during festivals and are later joined by the males. They shy away from performing before an alien audience claiming that it would cheapen their culture. They did however perform during the Republic Day Parade in Delhi in 1978.

Wild plants meet most of their daily needs. Herbal medicines cure their illnesses. The loca forest department has been attempting to catalogue these herbs for possible use by the outside world. Two of them have proved very effective contraceptives. The Tharus are staunch advocates of family planning, and few families have more than two children. However, they believe in the joint family system and every family has anything between 20 to 60 members.

Conscious of their dependence on the forest, the authorities have made several provisions to permit Tharus free constructional timber, thatching material, fishing and grazing rights in the reserved forest area. A tribal cultural centre has been established at Chandanchowki to encourage local handicrafts and nearly 40 primary schools established—an average of one to a village. However, few of the ambitious schemes to provide the Tharus with seeds, irrigational facilities, fertilisers and the kind have got off the ground. And the Tharus, still clinging to their aboriginal past, could scarcely care less. They are content to rely on their own ingenuity and capacity for work.

Each village has a pradhan elected democratically. However he is required to consult the head of the opposition, called "bhalemanush" (gentleman) before passing judgement on social disputes. The pradhan's decisions may be vetoed only by the village panchayat comprising the elders of the village. This panchayat settles all disputes and metes out punishment for crimes ranging from theft to murder. There is no incident yet of the Tharus taking their quarrels outside their settlement.

When a death occurs in the family the Tharus divide themselves into two groups. One disposes of the body while the other prepares for the ceremonies in which they drink wine in an effort to console one another.

The Tharus would like to cling to their aboriginal past but the pace of development is proving too quick for them. Will modern progress benefit them? So far, in some areas they have gone ahead of the civilised world — and in others prudently stayed behind.

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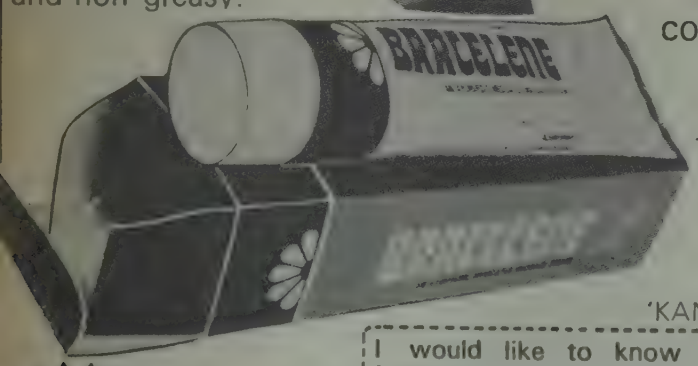

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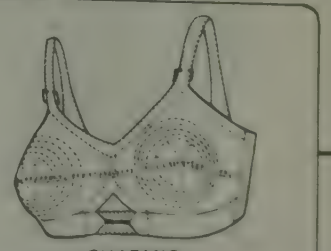

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THE EMERALD RING

Nomita Grover

ONE Sunday, the morning paper carried quite an interesting advertisement in it's matrimonial column:

Alliance invited by parents of cultured, upper-middle class Mathur caste, brilliant son aged 27 years, settled in US, green-card holder, income Rs. 80,000/ annum, no dowry. Boy visiting India to get married. Apply soon with particulars P. Box no 4783.

Just how much of that advertisement was fake didn't take Meena too long to find out.

Upper-middle class?

Cultured?

Brilliant?

That much income? True, but what value does $10,000 a year have in the US? Meena had to work to supplement the family income.

No dowry? No, only large expectations. Grandmother, a sensitive woman, catered to all those expectations.

Visiting India to get married? Or to escape from troubles brewing in the US?

Meena's father had come across that piece of an ad in the morning papers and she remembered with cynicism how avidly her father discussed the matter with Gran over breakfast. After all who else was there at home to discuss it with? Home consisted of Meena, her father, her grandmother and some servants.

Meena was five years old when Gran brought her over to her own palatial mansion from Meena's parents' home. Meena still remembered the drive to Gran's place in the chauffeured limousine; Gran sat beside her:

"Where're we going Gran?"

"To my place."

"Am I going to live there forever?"

"I have always wished it that way."

"Then why didn't you get me earlier?"

"Your mother wouldn't let me."

"Why didn't you bring her along?"

Silence.

"Is Ma very sick?"

"Yes."

"What's wrong with Ma?"

"She has cancer."

"Is that a bad sickness?"

"Yes."

"How bad?"

"Pretty bad."

"Then lemme go back! I want to look after her!"

"Not good for little girls like you to stay in a sick-room all the time."

"Is Dad staying back?"

"No."

"Is he going to come over too?"

"Yes."

"Then who's going to take care of Ma?"

"She is going to be placed in the hospital."

"Why?"

"She needs good doctors."

"Can I go see her sometimes?"

"No!"

"I want to go back to Ma!"

"That's not possible."

Meena had burst into loud sobs giving vent to all her pent-up emotions. Gran just sat there beside her like a statue, her marble-white skin blending so well with the white sari draped around her. Gran always dressed in white.

Everything about Gran was always so proper, in fact just too proper. There was no place for sloppiness at her place as she ran her household with impregnable authority. Even the way she sat reflected her personality, so erect and majestic, and proper!

Meena's father had joined them later at Gran's.

Gran lived all by herself in that great big mansion that had four white marble pillars supporting the front portico, her light-blue Chevy was always parked underneath.

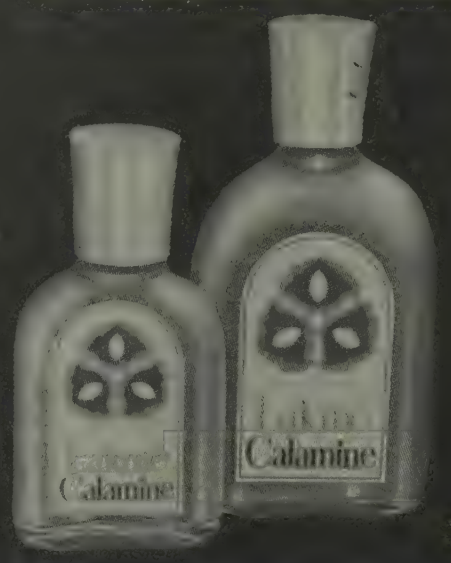
As a child Meena had paid rare visits to Gran's with her parents — a couple of times a year during some festival or other. Those brief visits left deep and long-lasting impressions on her young mind.

When after five happy years with her parents Meena was shifted to Gran's, something in her life snapped, something changed irreversibly, something was lost forever. Meena felt like a dressed-up doll living inside a glass case. Most of her time was spent in the company of her ayah. There was a large picture of her mother on her night-table. Meena dusted it every morning herself. One morning, a couple of months after her arrival at Gran's, the picture was gone! Untraceable, like the other things in her life! No one, neither Dad, nor Gran, not even the servants, answered her numerous questions.

THE EMERALD RING DID NOT SAVE HER MARRIAGE, BUT AT LEAST SHE WAS ALIVE TO FIND HAPPINESS ANOTHER DAY

In the loneliness of her own room Meena let the tears roll down on her pillow; her ayah tip-toed into her room and wiped away her tears. "Don't cry beti!" she crooned. "God has taken care of your Ma! She will suffer no more pain!" Meena sobbed as an unknown fear crept into her; she was sure she would never see her mother again.

Dad gradually buried himself in the family business and Meena was left totally under the supervision of Gran. While she played on the floor with her toys scattered around her, she was often disturbed by Gran's light gray eyes surveying her. Meena in her small imaginary world thought Gran's figure was carved out of stone with no trace of life in it. only those eyes lived. She became



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THE EMERALD RING

more and more withdrawn and spent most of her time in the privacy of her own room. She avoided all visitors and stayed out of Dad's or Gran's way. Neither of them in their turn made any efforts to draw her out of her secluded shell; possibly it suited them.

Meena was twenty and had just finished college when on that Sunday morning Dad talked to Gran about the boy with the green card.

In due course things were given proper shape by Gran for her impending wedding. Gran personally took care of the smallest details with meticulous attention.

The time arrived at last for Meena to leave Gran and follow Suresh to their new home. She sat quietly in the large drawing room on the same sofa that had received her years back. Alone, she was lost in her thoughts when Gran came in silently and sat down beside her. She carried something in her right palm, Meena noticed. Gran reached out for Meena's left hand and without uttering a word, she slipped on to Meena's middle finger what she carried in her own palm. "Take this," said Gran, "and wear it always." She let her gaze rest for a while on the emerald ring she had put on Meena's finger. "Never take it off; I made that mistake once. I took it off foolishly one evening and the following morning your Grandpa was dead with a heart attack."

Shortly thereafter Suresh and Meena arrived at their new home in Pasadena near Los Angeles. Within a week she had correctly ascertained the true nature of her husband. Suresh was insatiable in his needs — be it sex or some other physical need. Being catapulted from an orthodox repressive family into an overly permissive American society he enjoyed his new found freedom with zeal.

Marriage didn't start too well for them. Meena had no experience of running a household. Suresh exploited this drawback in Meena to his advantage. He spared her no unkind word on her inability and inexperience. The salary Suresh earned was barely enough to make both ends meet. Meena was forced to take up a part-time job as a sales girl in a departmental store to supplement the family income. Her limited education and lack of any professional training barred her from taking up better jobs.

Meena was forced to hand over her pay-check to him at the end of every month. Some upper-middle class, cultured, brilliant green-card holder, she mused at times!

It was after two years that Meena came to know about Sylvia, a Chicano woman of Mexican-American origin, who had carried Suresh's child as alleged by her and had ever since been pestering him for child-support allowance. Sylvia had pressurised Suresh to marry her after she got pregnant and Suresh had fled to India to get married.

Sylvia lived in the slummy Chicano area of Los Angeles and spoke English with a Spanish accent. She seemed to possess a hypnotic hold over Suresh. In her presence Suresh was like a serpent mesmerised by a snake-charmer. To Meena she appeared vulgar with her plunging neckline revealing her ample bosom, her wide hips swinging under a short hemline, her high-heeled ankle-straps clattering like a goat's hoof, and her straw-yellow hair always flying around her face like a strange halo. She arrived occasionally at all odd hours, sometimes smelling of liquor.

Suresh was indifferent to Meena's apparent revulsion to Sylvia and never tried to appease Meena on this issue; whether he considered it useless or needless was not clear to Meena. But she could no longer tolerate his high-handed attitude towards herself leading to frequent tiffs between them. No, she definitely was not jealous, how could she be? She had never loved her husband, and even if she were jealous what could she have done? Leave him? And go where? Back to Gran with her light-grav eyes? And Dad who was no longer interested in her well-being? He didn't even write to her anv more. No, never, she would continue to stay right there; at least her new life had given her self-confidence, a degree of maturitv and understanding of the world. She was determined to make a way for herself somehow, someday.

* * *

Meena remembered that fateful day when she woke up in that Los Angeles hospital ward. The LA police had extricated her from the car wreckage with some difficulty. Though under heavy sedation, she knew where she was, that everything in her hurt so severely it almost made her faint and that her left arm had a bulky bandage around it; there was excruciating pain in that arm. The effort of lifting it up to have a look at it made beads of perspiration run down the sides of her face.

As her dim vision tried to focus on the affected arm she uttered a long, heart-rending scream. The truth didn't take time to seep into her sedated brain. Nurses and doctors on duty ran into her room. The attending nurse gently caressed her cheek and spoke soothing words. "It's going to be all right honey. We're going to fit you with an artificial forearm. Everything is going to be O.K., soon."

The young resident said gently, "Sorry Ma'am." We had to amputate, We'll do the best we can. We've already informed your husband about it."

At the reference to Suresh, Meena moaned, "No! No! I don't want to see him! Take me out of his reach! Take me out of here. . .!" She stopped as abruptly as she had started screaming a few moments back. The thought sprang into her mind. "Take me where?" The ugly reality of the situation kept growing within her with every second and she continued to moan very softly.

It was four months before she could leave the hospital. Meanwhile she was informed that Suresh had to leave for India on some "urgent business." He had visited her during the first few weeks in hospital, when she was mostly under sedation and once when she was fully awake.

Suresh spent three whole months in India and returned when Meena was almost through her physiotherapy and was able to use her new arm quite freely.

During the last week of Meena's stay in the hospital Karen visited her one afternoon carrying something in her hand wrapped in pink tissue paper. "Honey, this was found on your left middle-finger by the police, but the gem on it must've fallen off . . .may be during the accident." It was the emerald ring Gran had given her and warned her not to take off.

After she was well enough the LA police had carried out a routine interrogation of her:

She gave truthful answers to all their questions. But she did not tell them that just before the car hit the stump, even at the time Suresh swerved, she had noticed him pressing hard on the accelerator and keeping the car door on his side open slightly. No wonder he escaped absolutely scratch-free. He had meant to kill her.

During that one brief visit of Suresh's at the hospital when Meena was awake, she had asked him a single question, "Why did you keep your side of the car-door open before it hit the stump?" And Suresh had not answered. Instead he had left for India soon after. Karen lived all by herself in a nearby apartment and she offered to put up Meena there as long as she wished, if Meena was unwilling to go back to Suresh or return to India.

Meena moved into Karen's apartment without leaving her where abouts at the hospital, but Suresh managed to trace her. When he telephoned, Meena made it plain that she wouldn't go back to him and had filed her divorce papers. Having become used to her new arm she went back to her old job at the departmental store.

* * *

The breeze was cool that autumn evening as Meena left the book she was reading on the couch of her living-room and strolled outside on the adjoining balcony of her apartment. She inhaled deeply the freshness of the evening. Life was good — simple and peaceful. She had been living in that South Torrance apartment for over a year now, having decided not to return to India.

She lifted her left arm to smoothen the strands of hair the wind had teased over her face. In the semi-lit darkness of the cool evening something sparkled on her left middle-finger. There it was — a heavy gold ring with a two-carat emerald set in its socket. Meena smiled as the vivid green gem sparkled merrily. The green emerald, considered so lucky for those born under the sign of Taurus.

Meena looked at her ring happily, she was getting married the following morning. Both Meena and Mohan wanted a simple ceremony at the ashram. The ring was a gift from Mohan on her birthday last May. He understood Meena and her agony over her previous marriage. He never expressed too much curiosity about her past, probably had talked to Karen not wanting to hurt Meena. She was determined to keep her emerald as well as her secret all her life.

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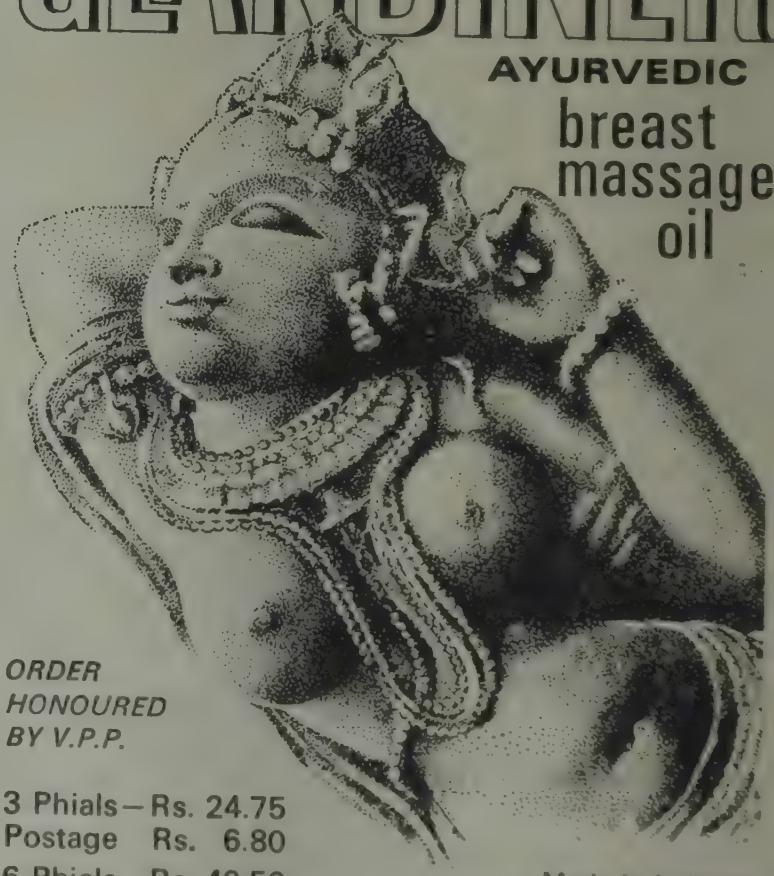

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BEAUTY BULLETIN

ON SLEEPLESSNESS

I am 29 and working as secretary in an engineering firm. My problem is that I don't get sufficient sleep with the result I cannot concentrate on my work in the office. I am sleepy throughout the day. Please advise.

E. N. (Calcutta)

Wakeful nights will affect your health and continued deficiency of sleep will undermine the strongest constitution. Eight hours of sleep is a must.

You should re-orient your sleeping habits. Don't have a heavy meal at night and after meals relax for a while. Have you tried reading before going to bed? This induces sleep.

Half an hour of relaxation before getting into the bed often conditions one for rest. Sometimes a warm bath also helps to relax. Also your mattress should be firm and even and your pillow comfortable.

Stretching exercises encourage relaxation. Lie on your bed, hands at sides, head thrown far back on the pillow. Stretch arms and fingers and feet down to the footboard — then let legs relax. Stretch your body as much as you can.

Try this also just before you drop off to sleep: Roll your head over to the right, so that your chin touches your right shoulder and then very gradually move it over to your left shoulder. After a couple of easy rolls, the last little bit of tension will leave your body and lull you to sleep.

FOR SAGGING MUSCLES

DANDRUFF PROBLEM

My problem is dandruff. Please suggest a home remedy for it. Is shikakai good for washing hair?

D. L. (Panaji)

First of all, you should keep your scalp absolutely clean to check dandruff. Take half a cup of besan (gram flour) and soak it in vinegar or lemon juice to form a paste. Apply this on the scalp and leave it on for about 20 minutes. Wash well. Do this for a few weeks.

Here is an excellent hair wash: Soak a little shikakai powder in fresh coconut milk and wash hair with this mixture, rinsing well. Shikakai by itself is good for the purpose.

TONING UP HIPS AND THIGHS

I am 31 and have a good figure, but my hips and thighs have started sagging. Please suggest some exercises for me.

V. J. (Bangalore)

Given here are some useful exercises for you to follow. These should be done for fifteen minutes daily. You cannot expect results overnight, so continue doing them for a couple of months.

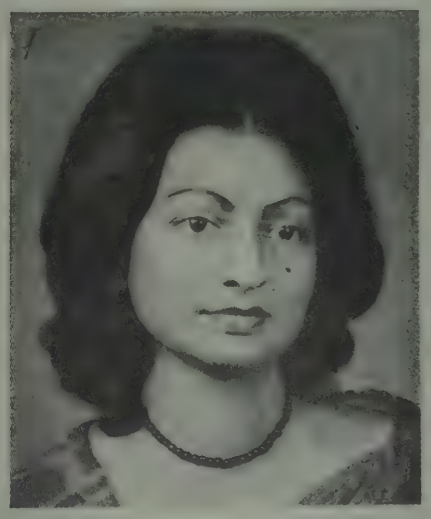
For hips:

Contract hip muscles — stand straight, bend one knee, then straighten that leg. Swing the leg out to the side — keeping upper part of the body erect — lower leg. Repeat five times — do the same with the other leg.

For flabby thighs.

Lie down and lean back on your elbows. Raise legs just a little off the floor, keeping them straight, kick in criss-cross manner — right over left, left over right. Do this for two minutes.

WOMEN IN FOCUS



ODETTE GONSALVES

ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONS

As a child, Odette Gonsalves preferred playing the piano and with paints and brushes, rather than with toys. The piano became her main interest as she grew up, but unfortunately, due to some ear infection, she had to give it up. However, not wanting to let one disappointment, however major it may have been, ruin her other talents, she took to painting.

Without any formal training, she developed an impressionistic style of her own. She does not like too many details in a painting and prefers abstract expression. Landscape is her favourite subject and, on the rare occasions that she does a figurative painting, she picks on horses.

The landscapes are usually inspired by the scenic beauty of her own state, Goa; the appeal of the horses lies in their "speed, their movements and the muscular effect they give. I like to be dramatic in my painting, and horses are an ideal subject for this. That is also the reason why I use the knife technique so often. My colours too, are bright oranges and warm yellows, and sometimes, sombre browns."

Odette says she has been inspired by the masters — Renoir, Claude Lorraine and Monet. Among comtemporary Indian artists, she likes Prafulla Dahanukar and B. Prabha.

Does she regret the lack of formal training? "Not at all. I get all that I want from books on the lives and works of the world's great artists."

Odette has held two exhibitions in Hyderabad and Bombay. The third will be held in Bombay from July 11 to July 17.

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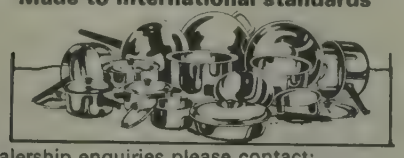

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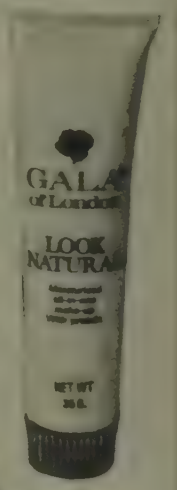

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TRUE CONFESSION

Continued from page 27

"It's a lie!" she cried: "They have poisoned your mind. They are jealous of our happiness." She had put the new baby on the bed and was going to fondle the little girl who hadn't seen her mother for seven days, when I pulled Vinita ruthlessly back by the hair. "Don't you touch her with your filthy hands!"

"Let me go you brute," she screamed.

"Was the money I earned not enough that you had to go and demean us in front of everyone, my friends, my colleagues . . . what self-respect do I have now?"

"I left home for you . . ." she cried. "I sacrificed so much . . . and now you believe a bunch of malicious strangers and not your own wife."

"I forsook much more than you," I cried. "My father's entire inheritance."

"So money is more precious for you than love."

"Love? You have made a mockery of it . . . sold it on the streets like a prostitute . . ."

I struck her hard. She fled from me into the kitchen. I picked up an umbrella and whipped her across the back with it. She fell down. I was so livid with rage, I did not see that my action had upset the oil lamp we always lit before Vinita's deity. Yes, after our marriage we continued to follow our separate religions. She went to the temple and venerated her Bhagwan in the house. I went to the mosque on Fridays and read the Koran at home.

The next minute her nylon saree was ablaze. Desperate, I tried to put it out with my bare hands. It didn't work. I ran to fetch a blanket from the bedroom to smother the flames. That was when the door burst open. Drawn by her screams, the neighbours had broken the flimsy latch. Together they put out the flames. A screeching ambulance rushed her to hospital. She survived the burns but carried the scars. That was the end of our marriage.

The court would not believe my story. They said I was of unstable mind. They gave her freedom and the custody of her children. The Lalaji squashed up the fact of Vinita being his mistress. Maybe he bribed his salesmen to lie about it. I went into an asylum for the insane. When I was declared cured, I was old. I was alone. My parents were dead and Razia and her husband had migrated to Australia.

In my affliction and wanderings the bitter past comes back to haunt me. I hate the world for the lies it perpetrated against me. But when I see young lovers my heart goes out to them. I want to warn them not to destroy their lives like we wrecked ours. But they shy away from me, taking me for an old mad man who tried to kill his wife.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

SHARMILA: The Compleat Journalist

After fighting journalists for over a decade, Sharmila Tagore decided to wind up her career (she hardly has any films) by joining hands with her enemy. She has gone and become the editor of a women's magazine. Instead of a lighter, she carries a dictaphone wherever she goes. A meek looking female takes down notes patiently. Said the meek lamb to someone, "Wish she would speak in an editor's tone, she speaks all cotton wool, like her screen dialogue, and I can't understand a word."

** ** **

And Zarine Khan should be the world's most important interior decorator. From Oman to Mauritius she is invited to furnish the palaces of the Jet set. Now that she has managed glamorous baby sitters like Sanjay-Zeenat for her four babies, Zarine is living it high. At Pratap Madvani's party recently, folks just tripped for this lucious interior decorator with rum coloured hair.

Even Zeenat (she had come with Sanjay) could not help staring at Zarine who moved around like the winner. Naturally, she is a flourising interior decorator with high connections abroad. She is beautiful and she is the mother of Sanjay Khan's heir. As far as her star career chart goes, Zeenat will soon match Sanjay. Her films are not doing too well at the box-office and she shows indifference (or is it the producers who are indifferent?). When she puts her signature on a contract, neither does she bother to find out her placing, her role nor her co-stars. Let's hope she retains her fast slipping position till the release of "Abdullah". Otherwise the well-calculated high-stake gamble of Sanjay Khan will be a waste.

** ** **

And Dimple is vehemently denying all rumours of pregnancy. But it is Dimple herself who every three months starts the rumours. Her fat paunch makes me believe them. The Khannas' love for publicity does not leave out any detail — be it Twinkle's new tooth or Dimple's "delicate condition".

** ** **

"I leap ahead, never look back," says Dev Anand, and he is busy with his producers. But for a faint cobweb of lines on his face, Dev looks straight out of the T.V., e.g. "Kala Bazar", "Kala Pani". It is good he does not look back, for back is Zeenat slipping fast at the box-office with Sanjay for consolation, and Tina Munim who is a problem for her producers — the problem of diction, the problem of figure and face; she looks like Komilla Wirk.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The Banga-Bhasa Prasar Samity, celebrating their silver jubilee this year are conducting free classes for those interested in learning the Bengali language.

The new session commences on 15th July at the Samity's five centres, namely, Gangadas Wadi School, Babulnath; Khar, Dadar, Chembur and Goregaon centres. Admission for the centres will be available at Gangadas Wadi from July 15, every Sunday between 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. Along with the language classes, the Samity also conducts Ravindra sangeet classes by trained teachers.

* * *

"Mobile Creches", a programme for migrant construction workers' children has a network of creches all over Bombay at 20 different sites. Mothers leave their children at the creches where babies are cleaned, fed, younger children organised for play and creative activities, while older children are introduced to the disciplines of regular study and helped to enter local schools.

To spread the network of such creche facilities, Mobile Creches has organised a premier show of "COMING HOME", an Academy award film, as a fund-raising drive this year.

* * *

The Governor of Maharashtra, Mr. Sadiq Ali, inaugurated the Intensive Paediatric Care Unit at the Bai Jerbai Wadia Hospital for Children, a project undertaken by the Lionettes club of Bombay to mark the International Year of the Child.

The unit will treat different ailments like respiratory infections, cardiac failure, acute gastroentiritis, liver ailments, etc. all of which require vigilant nursing and sophisticated equipment and surgery. Needy children up to an age of 12 years will be admitted to the unit for treatment under the supervision of eminent paediatricians of the hospital.

CALCUTTA

The Botanical Survey of India held an exhibition of "Plants in the Service of Man" at the Indian Museum. The exhibition highlighted the various aspects of the role of plants in the life of man. The lectures and exhibits demonstrated a little known aspect of the economics of botany in the utilization of plants for human nutrition and medicine.

AHMEDABAD

Within a period of three months about 3 lakh children in Gujarat witnessed the children's films produced and acquired by the Children's Film society, India, at a nominal fee of 25 paise. At most of these shows, organised by the Directorate of Information and the local Municipal Corporation, milk was distributed free of charge and ice-cream, supplied at subsidised rates. After the opening of the festival of children's films at Ahmedabad, where eminent filmmaker V. Shantaram was chief guest, film shows were organised at Baroda, Anand, Surat and other centres in Gujarat.

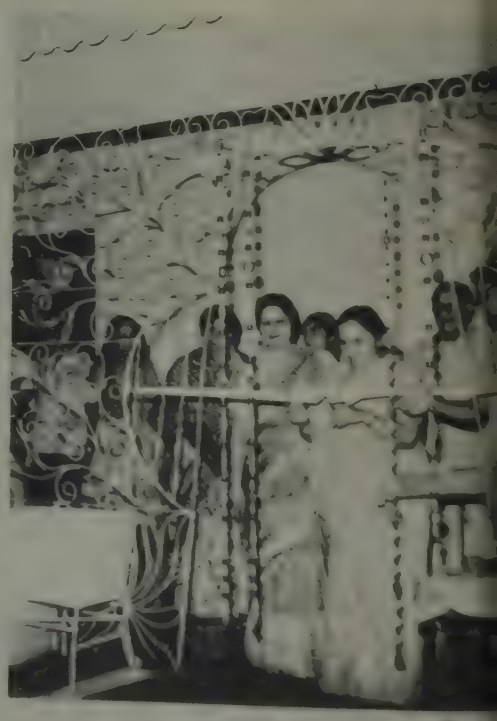
1

2

1. At a Fashion and Beauty Gala presented by Nargis and Sylla Spencer of the Sylnar Unit at Hotel President, Bombay, Sylla (left) welcomes Chief Guests Mr. Ram Batra, Sheriff of Bombay and Mrs. Batra.

2. At the Miss Simla 1979 contest held at Davico's restaurant, Simla, are seen (from left) Mr. K. N. Kashyap, Deputy Commissioner, Simla, Monica Seth, Miss Simla, and Mr. D. Singh, Proprietor, Davico's.

3. Mrs. Sybil David, President, South Eastern Railway Women's Organisation, inaugurated the "Roof Garden Cafetaria" at Waltair Railway station, in Calcutta.



3

4. At the installation ceremony of the Lionettes Club of Nadiad are seen (from left) Mr. Narsinhbhai Bhavsar, President, Lions Club; Mrs. Ramaben Dalal, past President; Mr. Nalinbhai Desai, Nagarpalika; Mrs. Ushaben Dalal, President, Lionettes Club; Chief Guest Mrs. Sharda Mukherji, Governor of Gujarat; Dr. Bihari Kanaiyalal, past District Governor; Mr. Indubhai Patel, President, Janata party, Gujarat Pradesh Samiti; and Mr. Chandubhai Desai, past District Governor.

4

THE CHILD ADOPTION BILL

Continued from page 17

"In fact the whole atmosphere and people's attitudes towards adoption are changing in India now," Mrs. Vidyaben Shah continued. "Though some Indians still ask for boys or for pretty girls only, many of them willingly adopt girls without bothering about their looks."

Mrs. Padmini Ramaswamy is one such woman who has given a home and a family to a little girl. A working woman and mother of a boy, she had a difficult pregnancy and did not want to go through the ordeal again. So she decided to adopt a girl. But she didn't want to bring home a newborn baby as it would have meant bringing up an infant and adding to her problems. She adopted a two year old girl.

"It was difficult to begin with, as it needed a lot of adjustments but the difficulties were not insurmountable," she said. "And it would be wrong to say that it is only the child who has benifited by this, we have also found happiness with her. We feel our family is complete, our son has got company and our home life is much more lively than before."

Padmini says that it took her and her husband two years to decide on adoption as they were both concerned about the reactions of their son. "To begin with, I was more keen on this than my husband as I had always been interested in adoption as a social responsibility. But once the decision was made and we brought Meera home, she became our child and now it is my husband who is even more fond of her than I am."

Padmini, who is all in favour of the Adoption Bill, says that it is necessary not only for legal reasons, but also for emotional and psychological reasons. Parents as well as the child feel more secure when they are sure of the legal position. "I am not in favour of adopting a child from a known family, as it can mean divided loyalties. Moreover, the real parents will always have an emotional hold on the child and will always be interfering," she said.

Padmini says that her daughter is a very bright and affectionate child and is turning out to be a pretty girl although beauty was not a consideration when she adopted the child. "I was interested in a healthy and lively child."

But whereas some families have been able to adopt a child legally, Mrs. Ann Khan, a Christian, has been suffering for the last nine years as there is no law by which she can make the adoption of her daughter a legal reality. "Ameena is under my foster care and though I have done my best to see that her future is secure, I do not feel happy or at peace about the whole thing," says Mrs. Khan. "It will be the happiest day of my life when I can proudly walk into the court and adopt her legally."

A widow and mother of three grown up children of her own, Ann says that she decided to bring Ameena home as she felt that she needed a child at home and also wanted to share her home and her family with someone who didn't have any of these things. Mrs. Khan, who works as a Social Secretary in the Swedish Embassy, has been involved in adoption work since 1962. One day, nine years back, when she, along with her daughter, went to look for a child for a friend in a foundling home, she happened to see a frail looking girl who instantly caught the fancy of both mother and daughter.

"We immediately decided that she needed a home, a mother and love, and so brought her home. Since then she has been a source of great happiness to all of us. We don't think of her as an adopted child, she is our baby."

Mrs. Khan says that she has told Ameena that she has been adopted. "I have told her that I brought her from a foundling home, that she belonged to me and was someone very special to me. She is very proud of this and feels that she is the chosen one and doesn't hesitate to remind her brothers and sister about it whenever she has a fight with them. But it is really amazing the way adopted children start resembling the other family members. I have seen it happen so often and I think may be it is God's gift."

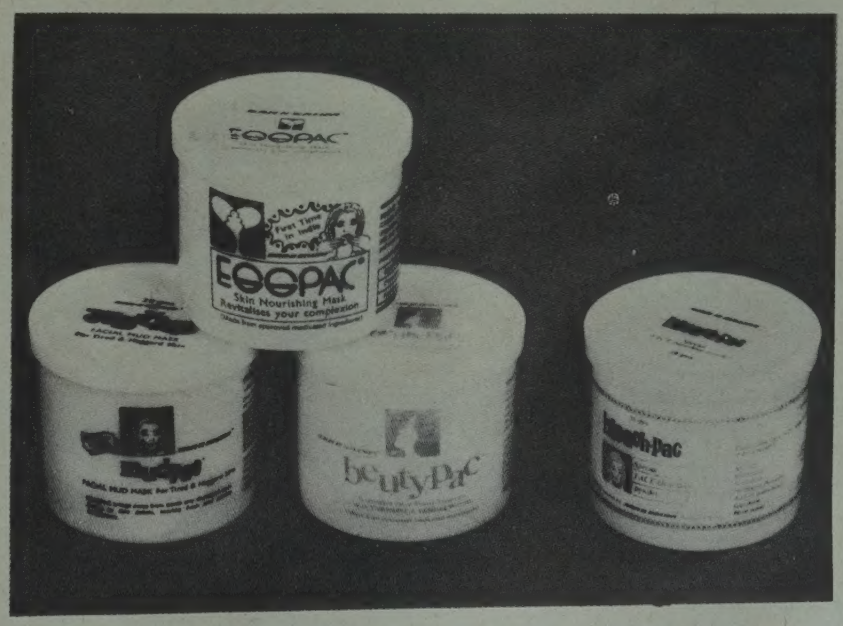
Mrs. Khan feels very strongly about the Adoption Bill and says that the absence of a uniform law in the country affects so many people. "We must have a law in the country which protects the future of the children, no matter to which caste or religion they belong. It is very unfair of the Government to let this Bill hang in the air for so long. Just to please one minority community, it is making so many children and parents suffer. It is not a child's fault to be born unwanted. Why should he live all his life with a stigma? If a child is abandoned or is dying on the street, no one bothers about it, but as soon as it is to be adopted, out comes all the red tapism. We are a minority, but aren't we a part of India?"

"We need an adoption law which must give full rights to children of both sexes. The adopted child must have full rights in the adoptive family and these rights must be ensured by this law. Thus, we demand a law that not only accords the child the right to be adopted but also protects the welfare of the child after adoption," say the signatories to the memorandum presented to the Prime Minister.

The memorandum further appeals to the Government not to turn its back on the cause of such children. It says that the national slogan for the year — "The Happy Child Is The Nation's Pride — can have no meaning if these children are ignored. India must act now so that these children can also become India's pride instead of being its shame."

WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.



For a flawless complexion are these beauty packs introduced by Sah & Salim, Bombay. Eggpack keeps the skin youthful; Mudpack cleans pores and tones up the skin; Beautypac contains turmeric and sandalwood to keep the skin smooth; and Bleachpac bleaches the skin. Rs. 3 to Rs. 4.50 for a 20-gm. pack. At leading stores.

These beautifully printed playing card sets, carrying the well-known World Wildlife Fund's "panda" symbol are ideal for presentation. Available in green and orange. A set of two packs costs Rs. 18. Can be had from WWF-India offices at Bombay, Bangalore, Calcutta and Delhi.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

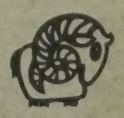
FOR THE WEEK JULY 8 — 14, 1979

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A full moon means that you will be winding up some of your current activities and interests, and beginning to tread a new path. This particularly applies if born in the first half of this week. On the whole, a year of promise, rather than important events. You will be sorting out plans and ideas, could be busy with family matters so that your strictly personal concerns take second place. Yet, plenty of social activity, chances to form a new attachment, if single. Money should come in on a satisfactory scale and luck in this sphere will be connected with new ideas, methods, friendships. You could say that it is what is happening behind the scenes that is important just now.

ARIES



(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

You will get generous treatment from others, hospitality, support. Careerwise, mix business with pleasure, have discussions over a friendly meal or drink, make fresh contacts. Get important letters in the post.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

Generally a good time to travel. If single, you will meet romance. Talking to people will not be wasting time and all forms of communication have a pleasing result. Good week for interviews, applications and inquiries.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

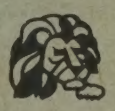
Over the next several weeks you will be feeling and looking your best giving you confidence and enthusiasm. This will impress folk you meet and will aid your ambitions. Exciting trends in your love life.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

Planetary transits help your personal plans. Plans will succeed if you have done the groundwork. Strong accent on money matters and you have the energy to be in an adventurous frame of mind.

LEO



(July 24 — Aug 23)

Planets aid your affairs; you are in your most fortunate period of 1979. Make the most of your Leo friendliness and self-assurance. Take a confident attitude to everything. It is a good week to buy that luxury item.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

People, generally, will be in the mood to do you favours. Expand social activities, not only for fun but with a view to meeting the sort of people who can help further your aims.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

You can push ahead with your hopes and ambitions. A good time to deal with people in official positions, who could make or mar your progress. Social life will be important too, from now on.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Ideas, this week, will be workable, but you will do better on your own than with others tagging along. In fact, they could lead you along the wrong track. A good time to consider wider possibilities.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Mars is influencing you from an adverse position till early August. A somewhat strenuous phase of life, with more work and responsibility. The demands of loved ones may be excessive too! Adjust to irritations for a time.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

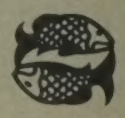
A challenging period which lasts for many weeks, but the difficulties will sort out areas of your activities that are unsatisfactory at present. Co-operate with companions—they have the right ideas.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

No one could say that you have had an easy time of it for quite a year or two. Frustration will have dampened your enthusiasm, depleted vitality. At present, it is money matters, career, ambitions. You will break through to better times soon.

PISCES



(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

You will tend to drift for the time being, but keep up to date on essential routine work. You may feel restless, but avoid new moves in important areas of your activities for the present. Good week for fun and romance, so relax and unwind.

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT OPTIMISTS AND PESSIMISTS

The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds; and the pessimist fears this is so.

James Branch Cabell

Both optimists and pessimists contribute to society. The optimist invents the aeroplane and the pessimist the parachute.

G. S.

We remember the sardonic joke about the optimist and the pessimist. The optimist was the man who did not mind what happened, so long as it did not happen to him. The pessimist was the man who lived with the optimist.

Sir Winston Churchill

The optimist is as often wrong as the pessimist, but he is far happier.

Anonymous

No one who is deeply interested in a large variety of subjects can remain unhappy. The real pessimist is the person who has lost interest.

William Lyon Phelps

A pessimist is one who makes difficulties of his opportunities; an optimist is one who makes opportunities of his difficulties.

Vice-Admiral Mansell

The man who is a pessimist before forty-eight knows too much; if he is an optimist after it, he knows too little.

Mark Twain

Optimist: a man who marries his secretary and thinks he will continue dictating to her.

George Barker

Pessimist: a man who looks both ways crossing a one way street.

Anonymous

There is an optimist still in me, a fellow who longs for and enjoys his breakfast, who still believes today will be different and so is ready to start all over again.

J. B. Priestley

David Gunston

Adorn your hands. Bejewel your ears. But use Sunsilk for beautiful hair.

Soft, silky, sunshine hair.
Sunsilk is more than just a shampoo-
it's your most important cosmetic.
Because only Sunsilk Shampoo
does so much to make you look and
feel your beautiful best.

And now the Sunsilk 'new look' range has
even more to offer: natural ingredients
that you know are good for your hair.

Whatever you do to the rest of you,
you can't be truly beautiful till you use
Sunsilk. Start now.

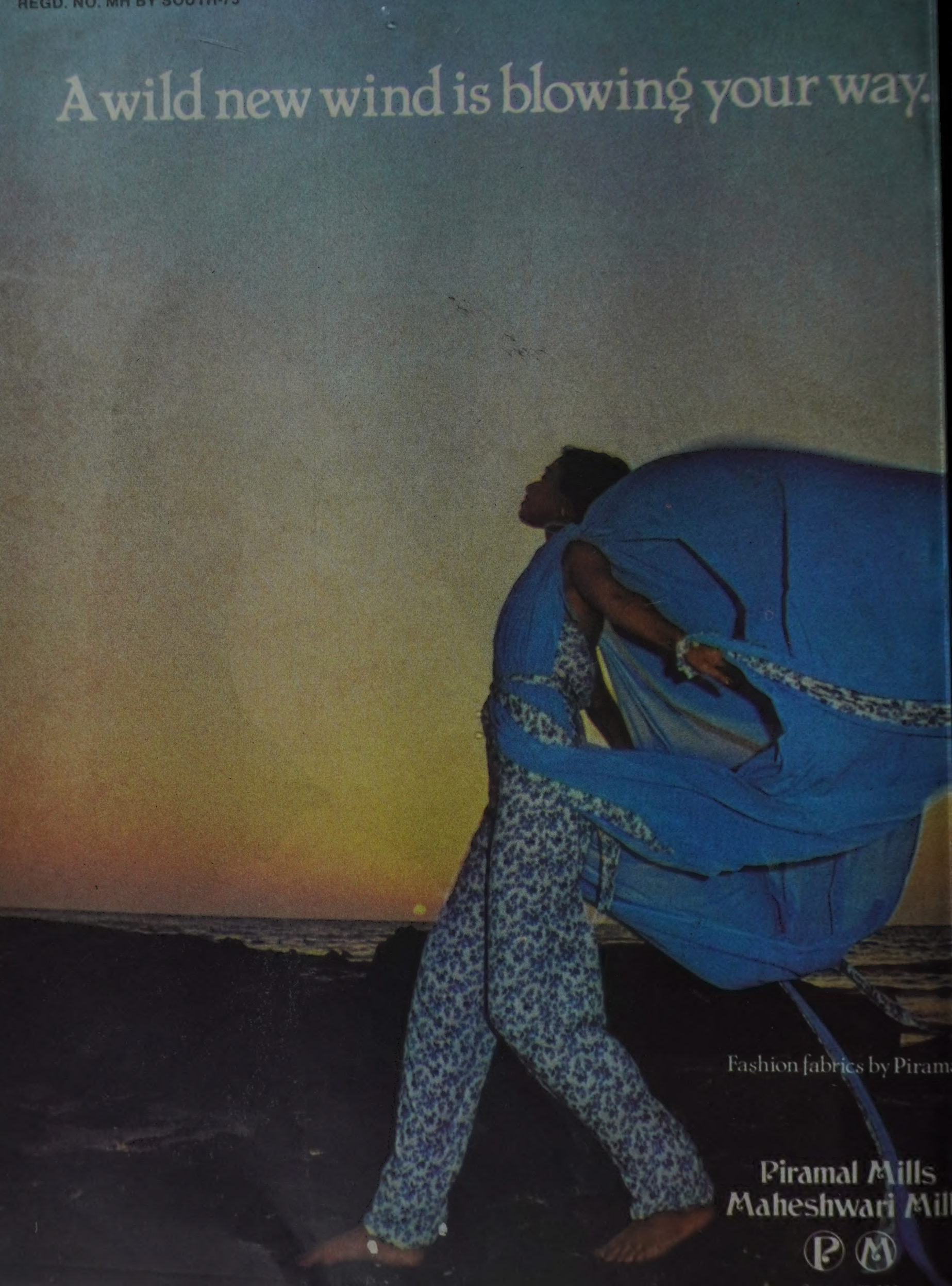
sun silk*

A girl's most important cosmetic

Sunsilk's 'new look' range has a shampoo for
every type of hair. Almond for normal hair. Le
for greasy hair. Amla for dry hair. Egg Protein
for dull, lifeless hair. Shikakai for delicate hair

REGD. NO. MH BY SOUTH-75

A wild new wind is blowing your way.



Fashion fabrics by Pirama

Piramal Mills
Maheshwari Mill

PM